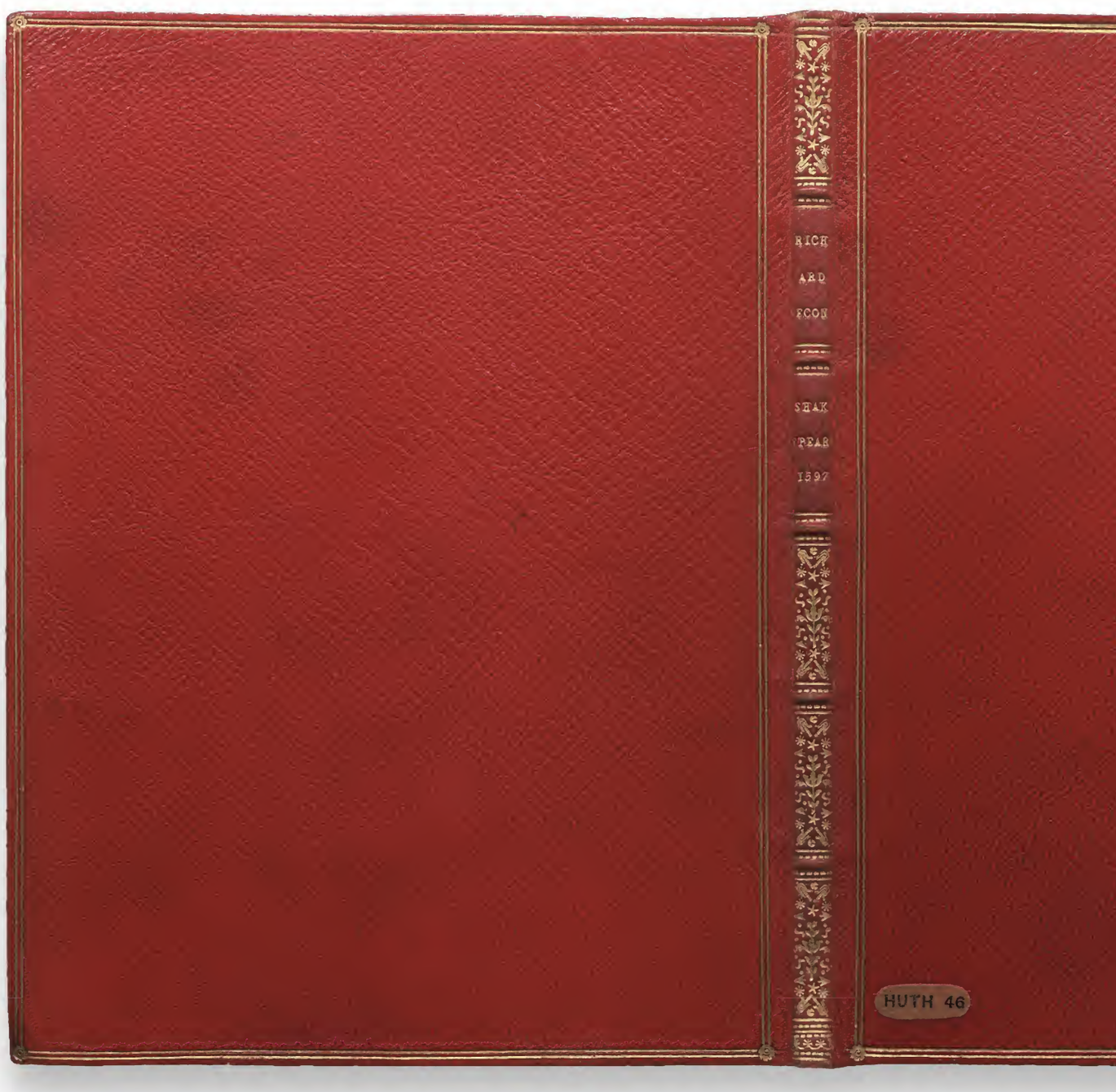
RICH
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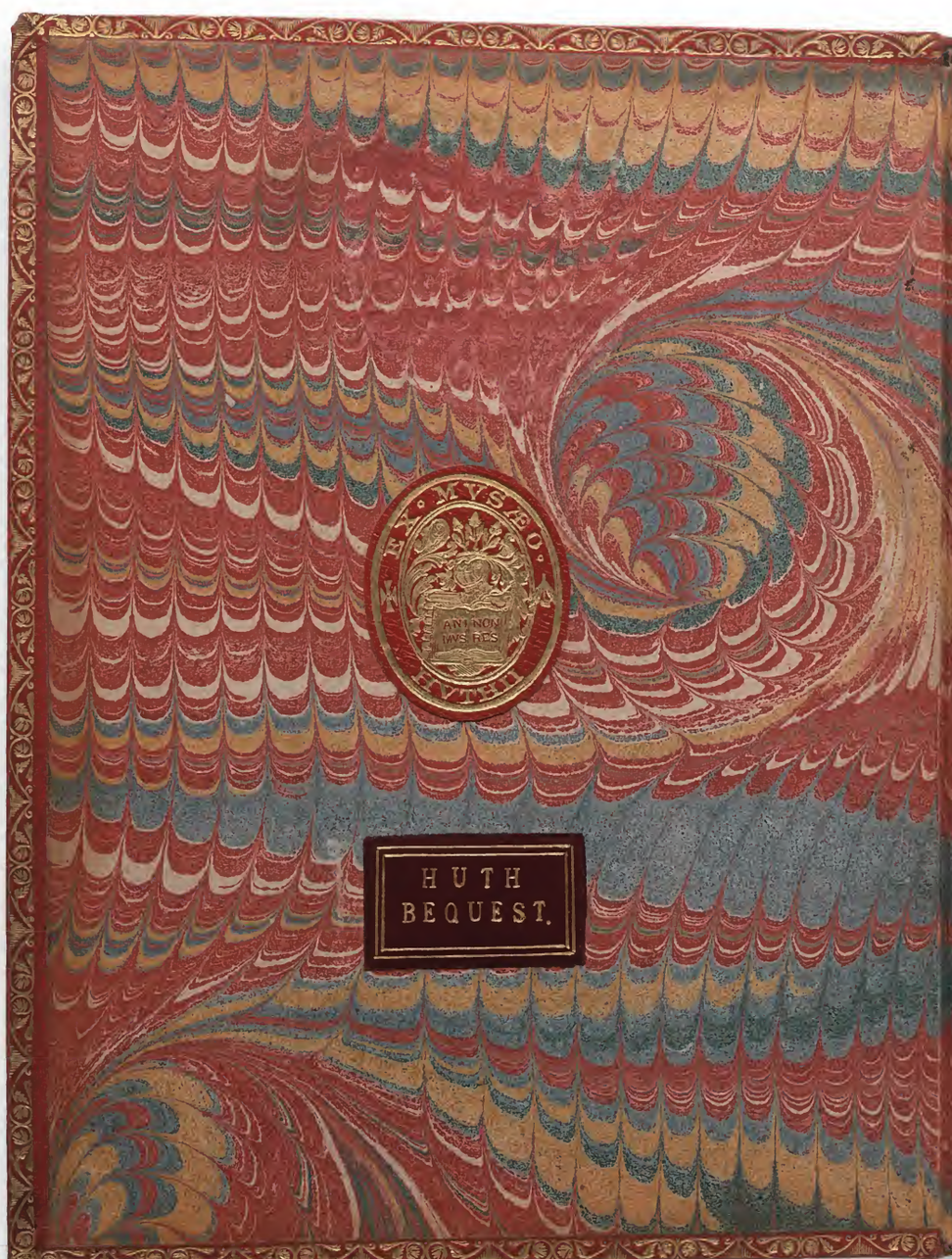
HUTH 46

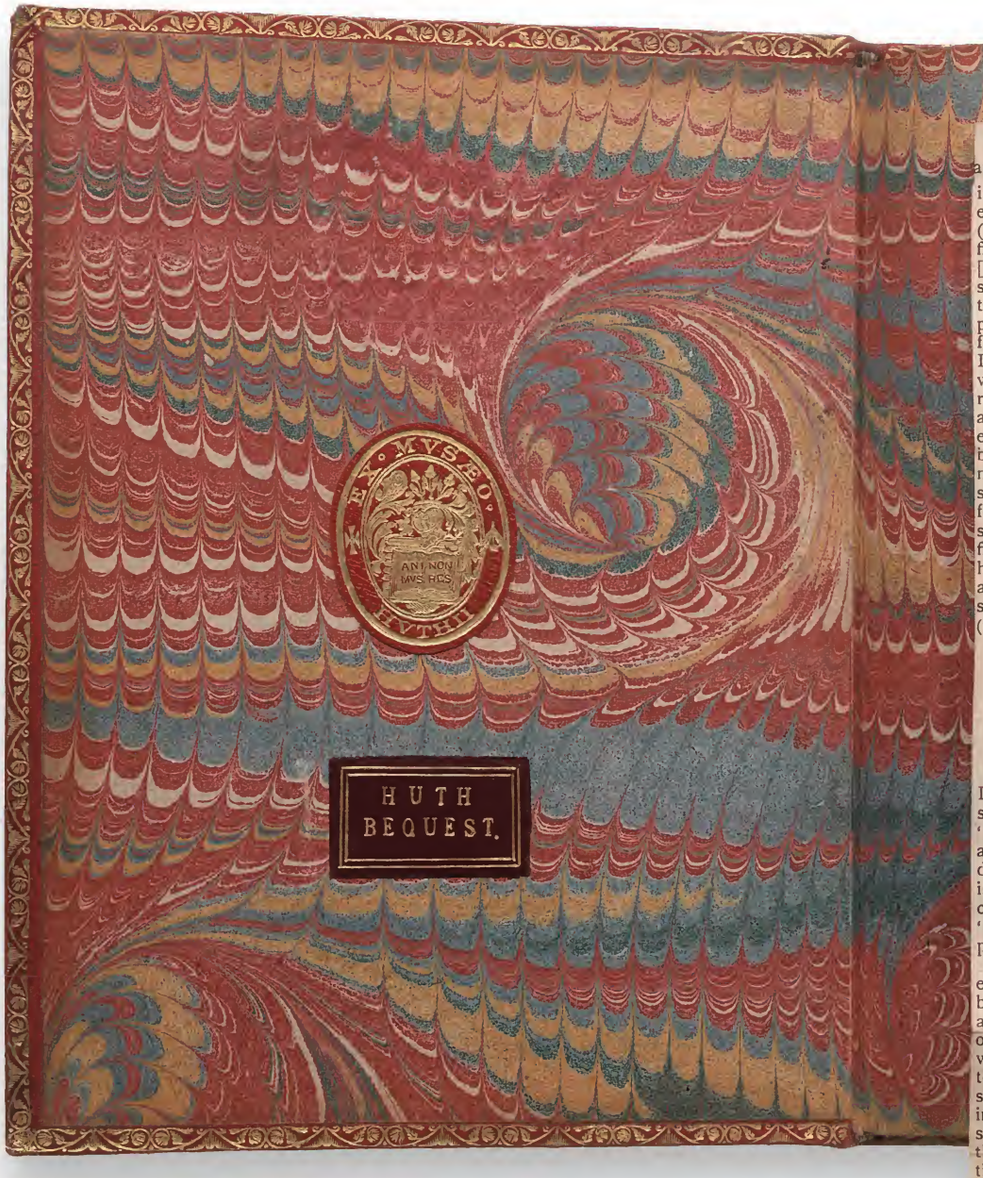


Variations in Copies of the Early Quartos and Folios.— Critics and commentators have often asserted that there was no proof-reading by author or editor in Elizabethan times; but we have positive evidence to the contrary. At the end of Beeton's 'Will of Wit' (1599) we find this note:—'What faults are escaped in the printing, finde by discretion; and excuse the author, by other worke that let [that is, hindered] him from attendance to the presse.' The Shakespeare quartos and folios were often corrected while passing through the press. In the 'Griggs' series noticed above there are two reproductions of the 1597 quarto of 'Richard II.', one photographed from a copy belonging to Mr. Henry Huth, the other from the Duke of Devonshire's copy. These two copies of the same edition were found to vary so much from each other that it was decided to reprint both. A careful comparison of the originals with each other and with a third copy formerly belonging to Capell, the Shakespeare editor, proved that corrections were made while each sheet was being printed; and that the corrected and uncorrected sheets were mixed up in binding. Five sheets or 'signatures' appear to be the same in the three copies mentioned. Of the other sheets the first and fourth are corrected in the Huth copy, the second in the Devonshire copy, the third in both the Devonshire and the Huth, and the fifth (the ninth in the book) in the Devonshire and the Capell. It happens, however, that by far the larger number of corrections are in the Devonshire copy, most of them occurring in the second sheet. The following, for example, are all found on a single page (i. 2. 42–70):—

> Where then alas may I complaine myself?
> ('alas' omitted in the other copies);
> That it may enter butcher Mowbraies breast
> ('butchers' in the others);
> Not with the emptie hollownes, but weight;
> ('emptines, hollownes' in the others);
> And what heare there for welcome but my grones?
> ('what cheer,' in the others).

In i. 3. 136 (same sheet) the Devonshire copy has 'And grating shocke of wrathfull yron armes,' while the other two copies have 'harsh resounding armes,' due to an accidental repetition of the adjectives in the preceding line: 'With harsh resounding trumpets dreadful bray.' The care with which these corrections were made is shown by the fact that the printing of this sheet was stopped to change the spelling of a word by the insertion of a single letter; 'portculist' being altered to 'portcullist' in i. 3. 167: 'Doubly portcullist with my teeth and lippes.'

The mistaken ingenuity with which palpable misprints in the early editions have often been defended by good critics is well illustrated by Malone's attempt to justify 'what cheer' in one of the lines quoted above in opposition to 'what hear,' which appears in the quartos



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The mistaken ingenuity with which palpable misprints in the early editions have often been defended by good critics is well illustrated by Malone's attempt to justify 'what cheer' in one of the lines quoted above in opposition to 'what hear,' which appears in the quartos of 1598, 1608, and 1615, and in the folios. Assuming that 'cheer' was the reading of the earliest edition, he said that the change to 'hear' showed 'at how very early a period the revisers of Shakespeare's pieces began to tamper with his text, under the notion of improving it, or of correcting imaginary errors of the press'—and so on through more than an entire page of comments. He says that 'the passage furnishes an evident proof of the value of first editions'; and so it does, particularly when their misprints are corrected while they are on the press, and we happen to get hold of a corrected copy.

That copies of the folio of 1623 vary here and there has long been known, and it was the intention of the Cambridge editors to note all such variations in their footnotes; but my attention has been recently called to an instance of the kind which escaped their scrutiny, and which, so far as I am aware, no editor or commentator has pointed out. It is in 'The Taming of the Shrew,' ii. 1. 201, where Staunton's photographic facsimile of the folio and Booth's reprint both read 'Women are made to beare, and so are you,' while the Chatto and Windus facsimile (photographic) and Paterson's reprint have 'beate' for 'beare.' That the latter is the corrected reading is evident from the context.

The volume of the *revised* Cambridge edition containing this play is not yet published.—*The Critic. N. York. 18 July 91.*

BOUND BY O. LEWIS.

Huth 46

"King Richard 2: Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise, 1597, of most excessive rarity.. In no collection of which I am aware: not even in that of Mr. Heber.."

Dr. Dibdin, who is so often incorrect touching the first quartos of Shakspere, (he gives to Sir Francis Freeling the 4.th King Lear printed by "Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his shop in St. Paul's &c.". (viz the first) when the worthy Baronet had only a very indifferent copy of the 2.nd and to Mr. Heber the first edition of Romeo and Juliet instead of the 2.nd to say nothing of his assertion that the 2.nd edition of Venus and Adonis bears the date of 1596 instead of 1594; and of his calling the edition of 1602 the 3.rd instead of the 4.th &c &c) Dr. Dibdin is in the above statement perfectly right.... This edition of Richard 2.d is Unique, .. George Daniel: 1847.. but (I believe) for a copy in ye library of ye Earl of Ellesmere.... Canonbury..

First Editions. 4.th

King Richard 2: Valentine Simmes	for Andrew Wise	1597.
King Richard 3. Valentine Sims,	for Andrew Wise	1597.
Loves Labors lost. W.W.	for Cuthbert Burby	1598.
Merrie Wives of Windsor ... T.C.	for Arthur Johnson	1602.
A Midsommer nights dreame ...	for Thomas Fisher	1600
Henry the fift ... Thomas Creede	for Tho. Millington, and John Busby	1600.
Much adoe about Nothing. V.S.	for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley	1600.
The Merchant of Venice ... by I.R.	for Thomas Heyes	1600.
Troylus and Cresseid .. G. Eld	for R. Bonian & H. Walley	1609.
Othello ..... N.O.	for Thomas Walkley	1622.
Pericles ..... Henry Gosson		1609.

Locrine . . . . . Printed by Thomas Creede 1595. . .
The Puritaine or The Widdow of Watling-Streete. G Eld. 1607.
Titus Andronicus .. Edward White . . . . . 1611.
The London Prodigall .. T. C. for Nathaniel Butter . . . 1605.
Thom as Lord Cromwell. Printed by Thomas Snodham. . 1613: 2d.

Henrie 4: Part 1st . . S. S: for Andrew Wise . . . 1599.
Romeo and Juliet . . Thomas Creede for Cuthbert Burby. 1599.
King Lear . . . . . Nathaniel Butter . . 1608
King Richard 2d . . Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise. 1598.
Sir John Old-castle. for T P. . . . . 1600.
A Yorkshire Tragedy. . for T P. 1619

Romeo and Juliet . John Smethwick . . . . . 1609.
Hamlet . . . . . John Smethwick . . . . 1611.
The whole Contention &c. . 2 Parts. . for T P. . . . no date.

Lucrece . . 4to . . . by Richard Field for John Harrison the First Edition . . . . . 1594.

Venus and Adonis. 4to. Richard Field. the Second Edition . . . . . 1594.

Venus and Adonis. 12mo. R. F for John Harrison the Third Edition . . . . 1596.

Shake-speares Sonnets. G Eld for T. T. . . the First Edition . . . . 1609.

The Rape of Lucrece 12mo. J. G. for John Stafford . . with the rare Portrait of Shakspere, by Faithorne. . 1655

Poems written by Wil. Shake-speare. . Tho. Cotes. with the rare Portrait of Shakspeare by Marshall. 1640

The Painfull Aduentures of Pericles Prince of Tyre. 4to Printed by T P. for Nat. Butter . . 1608 . . Unique.

Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories & Tragedies Folio. Isaac Jaggard & Edward Blount: 1623. . This is the identical copy once in the possession of Daniel Moore Esq: of Lincolns Inn (See Dibdin's Lib: Comp: P. 817) and is the finest & most genuine copy known. It was sold by M. Gage Rookwood to Mr. Pickering & by Mr. P. to me

Do. Do. The Third Edition 1664 } Folio. Sound, large & most
Do. Do. The Fourth . . " . 1685. } beautiful Copies. . .
Do. Do. The Second . . " - 1632 }

The above Volumes quite perfect, and in fine; very many in most beautiful and all but uncut condition, are in my possession: George Daniel Canonbury Hay 5: 1847. . . . . .

THE Tragedie of King Richard the second.

25

As it hath beene publikely acted by the right Honourable the Lorde Chamberlaine his Seruants. By W. Shakespear

LONDON
Printed by Valentine Simmes for Androw Wise, and are to be sold at his shop in Paules church yard at the signe of the Angel.
1597.

ENTER KING RICHARD, IOHN
OF GAVNT, WITH OTHER
Nobles and attendants.

King Richard.

OVld Iohn of Gaunt time honoured Lancaſter,
Haſt thou according to thy oath and bande
Brought hither Henrie Herford thy bolde ſonne,
Here to make good the boiſtrous late appeale.
Which then our leyſure would not let vs heare
Againſt the Duke of Norfolke, Thomas Moubray?
Gaunt. I haue my Leige.
King. Tell me moreouer haſt thou ſounded him,
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good ſubiect ſhould
On ſome knowne ground of treacherie in him.
Gaunt. As neere as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparent daunger ſeene in him,
Aimde at your highnes, no inueterate malice.
King. Then call them to our preſence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow our ſelues will heare,
The accuſer and the accuſed freely ſpeake:
High ſtomackt are they both and full of ire,
In rage deafe as the ſea, haſtie as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Bulling. Manie yeares of happie daies befall,
My gratious ſoueraigne my moſt louing liege.

Mowb. Each day ſtill better others happines,
Vntill the heauens enuying earths good hap,
Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.
King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come,
Namely to appeale each other of high treaſon:
Coſin of Herford, what doſt thou obiect
Againſt the Duke of Norffolke Thomas Mowbray?
Bull. Firſt, heauen be the record to my ſpeech,
In the deuotion of a ſubiects loue,
Tendring the pretious ſafetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely preſence,
Now Thomas Mowbray do I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting well: for what I ſpeake
My body ſhall make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine ſoule anſwer it in heauen:
Thou art a traitour and a miſcreant,
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to liue,
Since the more faire and criſtall is the skie,
The vglier ſeeme the cloudes that in it flie:
Once more, the more to aggrauate the note,
With a fou'e traitors name ſtuffe I thy throte,
And wiſh (ſo pleaſe my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong ſpeaks, my right drawen ſword may proue.
Mow. Let not my cold wordes here accuſe my zeale,
Tis not the triall of a womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eger tongues
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt vs twaine,
The bloud is hote that muſt be coold for this,
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huiſht, and naught at all to ſay.
Firſt the faire reuerence of your Highneſſe curbs me,
From giuing reines and ſpurres to my free ſpeech,
Which elſe would poſt vntill it had returnd,
Theſe termes of treaſon doubled downe his throat:
Setting aſide his high blouds royaltie,

And let him be no kinſman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I ſpit at him,
Call him a ſlaunderous coward, and a villaine,
Which to maintaine, I would allow him ods,
And meete him were I tied to runne afoote,
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer Engliſhman durſt ſet his foote,
Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes moſt falſly doth he lie.
Bull. Pale trembling coward there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming here the kinred of the King,
And lay aſide my high bloudes royaltie,
Which Feare, not Reuerence makes thee to except.
If guilty dread haue left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take vp mine honours pawne, then ſtowpe,
By that, and all the rites of Knighthoode elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee arme to arme,
What I haue ſpoke, or thou canſt worſe deuiſe.
Mow. I take it vp, and by that ſword I ſweare,
Which gently laid my Knighthood on my ſhoulder,
Ile anſwer thee in any faire degree,
Or chiualrous deſigne of knightly triall:
And when I mount, aliue may I not light,
If I be traitor or vniuſtly fight.
King. What doth our coſin lay to Mowbraies charge?
It muſt be great that can inherit vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
Bul. Looke what I ſpeake, my life ſhall proue it true,
That Mowbray hath receiude eight thouſand nobles
In name of Lendings for your Highnes ſouldiours,
The which he hath detaind for lewd imployments,
Like a falſe traitour, and iniurious villaine:
Beſides I ſay, and will in battle proue,
Or here, or elſewhere to the furtheſt Verge
That euer was ſurueyed by Engliſh eye,
That all the treaſons for theſe eighteene yeares,

Complotted and contriued in this land:
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further I say and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plotte the Duke of Glocesters death,
Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,
And consequently like a traitour coward,
Sluete out his innocent soule through streames of bloud,
Which bloud, like sacrificing Abels cries,
Euen from the tounglesse Cauernes of the earth,
To me for iustice and rough chastisement:
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.
King. How high a pitch his resolution soares,
Thomas of Norfolke what saist thou to this?
Mowb. Oh let my soueraigne turne awaie his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe.
Till I haue tolde this slaunder of his bloud,
How God and good men hate so foule a lier.
King. Mowbray impartiall are our eies and eares.
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdomes heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers sonne,
Now by scepters awe I make a vowe,
Such neighbour neerenes to our sacred bloud
Should nothing priuiledge him nor partialize
The vnstooping firmenesse of my vpright soule,
He is our subiect Mowbray so art thou.
Free speech and fearelesse I to thee allowe.
Mowb. Then Bullingbrooke as lowe as to thy heart
Through the false passage of thy throate thou liest.
Three partes of that receipte I had for Callice,
Disburst I duely to his highnesse souldiers,
The other part reserude I by consent,
For that my soueraigne liege was in my debt.
Vpon remainder of a deare account:
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death,

I slew

I slewe him not but to my owne disgrace,
Neglected my sworne duety in that case:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambushe for your life,
A trespasse that doth vex my grieued soule:
But ere I last receiude the Sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exactly begd
Your graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault, as for the rest appeald
It issues from the rancour of a villaine,
A recreant and most degenerate traitour,
Which in my selfe I boldly will defende,
And enterchangeably hurle downe my gage
Vpon this ouerweening traitors foote,
To proue my selfe a loyal Gentleman,
Euen in the best bloud chamberd in his bosome.
In haste wherof most hartily I pray
Your highnes to assigne our triall day.
King. Wrath kindled gentleman be ruled by me,
Lets purge this choler without letting bloud,
This we prescribe though no Phisition,
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision,
Forget, forgiue, conclude and be agreed,
Our doctors say, this is no month to bleede:
Good Vncle let this ende where it begonne,
Weele calme the Duke of Norfolke, you your sonne.
Gaunt. To be a make-peace shal become my age,
Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.
King. And Norfolke throw downe his.
Gaunt. When Harry? when obedience bids,
Obedience bids I should not bid againe.
King. Norfolke throw downe we bid, there is no boote.
Mow. My selfe I throw dread soueraigne at thy foote,
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,
The one my duety owes, but my faire name
Despight of death that liues vpon my graue,

To

To darke dishonours vse thou shalt not haue:
I am disgraste, impeacht, and baffuld heere,
Pierst to the soule with Slaunders venomd speare,
The which no balme can cure but his heart bloud
Which breathde this poyson.

King. Rage must be withstoode,
Giue me his gage; Lions make Leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resigne my gage, my deare deare Lord,
The purest treasure mortall times afford,
Is spotlesse Reputation that away
Men are but guilded loame, or painted clay.
A iewell in a ten times bard vp chest,
Is a bold spirit in a loyall breast:
Mine honour is my life, both grow in one,
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then (deare my Liege) mine honour let me trie,
In that I liue, and for that will I die.

King. Coosin, throw vp your gage, do you beginne.

Bull. O God defend my soule from such deepe sinne,
Shall I seeme Crest-fallen in my fathers sight?
Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my height,
Before this out-darde Dastard? ere my tong
Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so base a parlee, my teeth shall teare
The slauish motiue of recanting feare,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where Shame doth harbour euen in Mowbraies face.

King. We were not borne to sue, but to commaund,
Which since we cannot do, to make you friends,
Be ready as your liues shall answere it,
At Couentry vpon saint Lamberts day,
There shall your swords and launces arbitrate
The swelling difference of your setled hate,
Since we cannot atone you, we shall see
Iustice design the Victors chiualrie,
Lord Marshal, commaund our Officers at Armes

Be ready to direct these home allarmes. *Exit.*

Enter Iohn of Gaunt With the Duchesse of Glocester.

Gaunt Alas, the part I had in Woodstockes bloud,
Doth more sollicite me than your exclaimes,
To stirre against the butchers of his life,
But since correction lieth in those hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct:
Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen,
Who when they see the houres ripe on earth,
Will raine hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Duchesse Findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre?
Hath loue in thy old bloud no liuing fire?
Edwards seuen sonnes whereof thy selfe art one,
Were as seuen viols of his sacred bloud,
Or seuen faire branches springing from one roote:
Some of those seuen are dried by natures course,
Some of those branches by the Destinies cut:
But *Thomas* my deare Lord, my life, my Glocester,
One violl full of Edwards sacred bloud,
One flourishing branch of his most royall roote
Is crackt, and all the precious liquor spilt,
Is hackt downe, and his summer leaues all faded
By Enuies hand, and Murders bloudy axe.
Ah Gaunt, his bloud was thine, that bed, that womb,
That mettall, that selfe mould, that fashioned thee
Made him a man; and though thou liuest and breathest,
Yet art thou slaine in him, thou doost consent
In some large measure to thy fathers death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
Who was the modell of thy fathers life:
Call it not patience Gaunt, it is dispaire,
In suffring thus thy brother to be slaughtred,
Thou shewest the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching sterne Murder how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle Patience,
Is pale cold Cowardice in noble breasts.

What ſhall I ſaie? to ſafegard thine owne life,
The beſt way is to venge my Gloceſters death.
Gaunt Gods is the quarrell for Gods ſubſtitute,
His deputy annointed in his ſight,
Hath cauſd his death, the which if wrongfully,
Let heauen reuenge, for I may neuer lift
An angry arme againſt his miniſter.
Duch. Where then may I complaine my ſelfe?
Gaunt To God the widdowes Champion and defence,
Duch. Why then I will; farewell olde Gaunt,
Thou goeſt to Coventry, there to behold
Our Cooſen Hereford and ſell Mowbray fight,
O ſet my husbands wronges on Herefords ſpeare,
That it may enter butchers Mowbraies breſt:
Or if misfortune miſſe the firſt carier,
Be Mowbraies ſinnes ſo heauy in his boſome
That they may breake his foming courſers backe,
And throw the rider headlong in the liſtes,
A caitiue recreant to my Cooſen Hereford,
Farewell old Gaunt, thy ſometimes brothers wife,
With her companion Griefe muſt end her life.
Gaunt Siſter farewell, I muſt to Couentry,
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with me.
Duch. Yet one word more, griefe boundeth where is fals,
Not with the emptines, hollownes, but weight:
I take my leaue before I haue begone,
For ſorrow endes not when it ſeemeth done:
Commend me to thy brother Edmund Yorke,
Lo th s is all: nay yet depart not ſo,
Though this be all, doe not ſo quickly go:
I ſhall remember more: Bid him, ah what?
With all good ſpeede at Plaſhie viſite me,
Alacke and what ſhall good olde Yorke there ſee,
But empty lodgings and vnfurniſht wals,
Vnpeopled offices, vntrodden ſtones,
And what cheere there for welcome but my grones?
Therfore commend me, let him not come there,

To ſeeke out ſorrow that dwels euery where,
Deſolate deſolate will I hence and die:
The laſt leaue of thee takes my weeping eie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Marſhall and the Duke Aumerle.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle is Harry Herford armde?
Aum. Yea at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of Norfolke ſprightfully and bold,
Staies but the ſummons of the appellants trumpet.
Aum. Why then the Champions are prepard and ſtay
For nothing but his maieſties approach.
The trumpets ſound and the King enters with his nobles; when they are ſet, enter the Duke of Norfolke in armes defendant.
King Marſhall demaunde of yonder Champion,
The cauſe of his arriuall here in armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceede
To ſweare him in the iuſtice of his cauſe.
Mar. In Gods name and the Kings ſay who thou art,
And why thou comeſt thus knightly clad in armes,
Againſt what man thou comſt and what thy quarell,
Speake truly on thy knighthoode, and thy oth,
As ſo defend the heauen and thy valour.
Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolke,
Who hither come ingaged by my oath,
(Which God defende a Knight ſhould violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and my ſucceeding iſſue,
Againſt the Duke of Herford that appeales me,
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To proue him in defending of my ſelfe,
A traitour to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truely fight, defend me heauen.

The trumpets ſound. Enter Duke of Hereford appellant in armour.

King Marſhall aske yonder Knight in armes,

Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,
Thus plated in habiliments of warre,
And formally according to our lawe,
Depose him in the iustice of his cause.
Mar. What is thy name? and wherfore comst thou hither?
Before king Richard in his royall lists,
Against whom comes thou? and whats thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee heauen.
Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaster and Darbie
Am I, who ready here do stand in Armes
To proue by Gods grace, and my bodies valour
In lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norffolke,
That he is a traitour foule and dangerous,
To God of heauen, king Richard and to me:
And as I truely fight, defend me heauen.
Mar. On paine of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring, hardy, as to touch the listes,
Except the Martiall and such officers
Appoynted to direct these faire designes.
Bul. Lord Martiall, let me kisse my Souereignes hand,
And bow my knee before his Maiestie,
For Mowbray and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and wearie pilgrimage,
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue,
And louing farewell of our seuerall friends.
Mar. The appellant in all duety greetes your Highnes,
And craues to kisse your hand, and take his leaue.
King We will descend and fold him in our armes,
Cosin of Herford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royall fight:
Farewell my bloud, which if to day thou shead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge the dead.
Bul. O let no noble eie prophane a teare
For me, if I be gorde with Mowbraies speare:
As confident as is the Falcons flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My louing Lord, I take my leaue of you:

Of you (my noble cousin) Lord Aumarle,
Not sicke although I haue to do with death,
But lusty, yong and cheerely drawing breth:
Loe, as at English feasts so I regreet
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.
Oh thou the earthly Authour of my bloud,
Whose youthfull spirite in me regenerate
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me vp,
To reach at Victory aboue my head:
Adde proofe vnto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings steele my launces point,
That it may enter Mowbraies waxen cote,
And furbish new the name of Iohn a Gaunt,
Euen in the lustie hauiour of his sonne.
Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous,
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caske
Of thy aduerse pernitious enemy,
Rowze vp thy youthfull bloud, be valiant and liue.
Bul. Mine innocence and saint George to thriue.
Mowb. How euer God or Fortune cast my lot,
There liues or dies true to King Richards throne,
A loyall, iust, and vpright Gentleman:
Neuer did captiue with a freer heart
Cast off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
His golden vncontrould enfranchisment,
More than my dauncing soule doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine aduersarie,
Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy yeeres,
As gentle, and as iocund as to iest
Go I to fight, truth hath a quiet brest.
King Farewell (my Lord) securely I espie,
Vertue with Valour couched in thine eie,
Order the triall Martiall, and beginne.
Mart. Harry of Herford, Lancaster and Darby,

Receiue thy launce, and God defend the right.
Bul. Strong as a tower in hope I cry, Amen.
Mart. Go beare this lance to Thomas Duke of Norfolke.
Herald Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darby
Stands here, for God, his soueraigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found false and recreant,
To proue the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray
A traitor to God, his king, and him,
And dares him to set forward to the fight.
Herald 2 Here standeth Thomas Mowbray D. of Norfolk
On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approue
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Darby,
To God, his soueraigne, and to him disloyall,
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signall to beginne.
Mart. Sound trumpets, and set forward Combatants:
Stay, the king hath throwen his warder downe.
King. Let them lay by their helmets, and their speares,
And both returne backe to their chaires againe,
Withdraw with vs, and let the trumpets sound,
While we returne these dukes what we decree.
Draw neere and list
What with our counsell we haue done:
For that our kingdomes earth should not be soild
With that deare bloud which it hath fostered:
And for our eies do hate the dire aspect
Of cruell wounds plowd vp with neighbours sword,
And for we thinke the Egle-winged pride
Of skie-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rivall hating enuy set on you
To wake our peace, which in our Countries cradle
Draw the sweet infant breath of gentle sleepe,
Which so rouzde vp with boistrous vntunde drummes,
With harsh resounding trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating shocke of harsh resounding armes,
Might from our quiet confines fright faire Peace,

And make vs wade euen in our kinreds bloud,
Therefore we banish you our territories:
You cousin Hereford vpon paine of life,
Till twice fiue summers haue enricht our fields,
Shall not regreete our faire dominions,
But treade the stranger paths of banishment.
Bul. Your will be done; this must my comfort be,
That Sunne that warmes you here, shall shine on me,
And those his golden beames to you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and guilde my banishment.
King Norfolke, for thee remaines a heauier doome,
Which I with some vnwillingnesse pronounce,
The slie slow houres shall not determinate
The dateles limite of thy deere exile,
The hopeles word of neuer to returne,
Breathe I against thee, vpon paine of life.
Mowb. A heauy sentence, my most soueraigne Liege,
And all vnlookt for from your Highnesse mouth,
A deerer merit not so deepe a maime,
As to be cast forth in the common ayre
Haue I deserued at your Highnesse hands:
The language I haue learnt these forty yeeres,
My natiue English now I must forgo,
And now my tongues vse is to me, no more
Than an vnstringed viol or a harpe,
Or like a cunning instrument cased vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmonie:
Within my mouth you haue engaold my tongue,
Doubly portculist with my teeth and lippes,
And dull vnfeeling barren ignorance
Is made my Gaoler to attend on me:
I am too olde to fawne vpon a nurse,
Too far in yeeres to be a pupill now,
What is thy sentence but speechlesse death?
Which robbes my tongue from breathing natiue breath.
King It bootes thee not to be compassionate,

After our ſentence playning comes too late.
Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light,
To dwel in ſolemne ſhades of endleſſe night.
King. Returne againe, and take an othe with thee,
Lay on our royall ſword your baniſht hands,
Sweare by the duty that y'owe to God,
(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelues,)
To keepe the oath that we adminiſter:
You neuer ſhall, ſo helpe you truth and God,
Embrace each others loue in baniſhment,
Nor neuer looke vpon each others face,
Nor neuer write, regreete, nor reconcile
This lowring tempeſt of your home-bred hate,
Nor neuer by aduiſed purpoſe meete,
To plot, contriue, or complot any ill,
Gainſt vs, our ſtate, our ſubiects, or our land.
Bul. I ſweare.
Mow. And I, to keepe al this.
Bul. Norffolke, ſo fare as to mine enemy:
By this time, had the King permitted vs,
One of our ſoules had wandred in the aire,
Baniſht this fraile ſepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſht from this land,
Confeſſe thy treaſons ere thou flie the realme,
Since thou haſt far to go, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guiltie ſoule.
Mow. No Bullingbrooke, if euer I were traitour,
My name be blotted from the booke of life,
And I from heauen baniſht as from hence:
But what thou art, God, thou, and I, do know,
And al too ſoone (I feare) the King ſhall rew:
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I ſtray,
Saue backe to England al the worlds my way. *Exit.*
King. Vncle, euen in the glaſſes of thine eyes,
I ſee thy grieued heart: thy ſad aſpect
Hath from the number of his baniſht yeeres
Pluckt foure away, ſixe frozen winters ſpent,

Returne with welcome home from baniſhment.
Bul. How long a time lies in one little word,
Foure lagging winters and foure wanton ſpringes,
End in a word, ſuch is the breath of Kinges.
Gaunt. I thanke my liege that in regard of me,
He ſhortens foure yeares of my ſonnes exile,
But little vantage ſhall I reape thereby:
For ere the ſixe yeares that he hath to ſpend
Can change their moones, and bring their times about,
My oile-dried lampe, and time bewaſted light
Shall be extint with age and endleſſe nightes,
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold Death not let me ſee my ſonne.
King. Why Vncle thou haſt many yeares to liue.
Gaunt. But not a minute King that thou canſt giue,
Shorten my daies thou canſt with ſullen ſorrowe,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canſt helpe time to furrow me with age,
But ſtoppe no wrinckle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.
King. Thy ſonne is baniſht vpon good aduiſe,
Whereto thy tong a party verdict gaue,
Why at our iuſtice ſeemſt thou then to lowre?
Gaunt. Things ſweet to taſte, prooue in digeſtion ſowre.
You vrgde me as a iudge, but I had rather,
You would haue bid me argue like a father:
Oh had't beene a ſtranger, not my child,
To ſmooth his fault I ſhould haue beene more milde:
A partial ſlaunder ſought I to auoide,
And in the ſentence my owne life deſtroyed:
Alas, I lookt when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tongue,
Againſt my will to do my ſelfe this wrong.
King. Cooſen farewel, and Vncle, bid him ſo,
Sixe yeares we baniſh him and he ſhall go. *Exit.*

Au. Cosin farewel, what presence must not know,
From where you doe remaine let paper shew.
Mar. My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me by your side.
Gaunt. Oh to what purpose doest thou hoard thy words,
That thou returnest no greeting to thy friends?
Bull. I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigall,
To breathe the abundant dolor of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy griefe is but thy absence for a time.
Bull. Ioy absent, griefe is present for that time.
Gaunt. What is sixe winters? they are quickly gone.
Bul. To men in ioy, but griefe makes one hower ten.
Gaun. Call it a trauaile that thou takst for pleasure.
Bul. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which findes it an inforced pilgrimage.
Gaun. The sullen passage of thy weary steps,
Esteeme as foyle wherein thou art to set,
The precious Iewell of thy home returne.
Bul. Nay rather euery tedious stride I make,
Will but remember me what a deale of world:
I wander from the Iewels that I loue.
Must I not serue a long apprentishood,
To forreine passages, and in the end,
Hauing my freedome, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a iourneyman to griefe.
Gaun. All places that the eie of heauen visits,
Are to a wiseman portes and happie hauens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus,
There is no vertue like necessity,
Thinke not the King did banish thee,
But thou the King: Woe doth the heauier sit,
Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne:
Go, say I sent thee foorth to purchase honour,
And not the King exilde thee; or suppose,
Deuouring pestilence hangs in our aire,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:

Looke what thy soule holds deare, imagine it
To ly that way thou goest, not whence thou comst:
Suppose the singing birds musitions,
The grasse whereon thou treadst, the presence strowd,
The flowers, faire Ladies, and thy steps, no more
Then a delightfull measure or a dance,
For gnarling sorrow hath lesse power to bite,
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.
Bul. Oh who can hold a fier in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantasticke sommers heate?
Oh no, the apprehension of the good,
Giues but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrowes tooth doth neuer rankle more,
Then when he bites, but launceth not the soare.
Gaun. Come come my sonne Ile bring thee on thy way.
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.
Bul. Then Englands ground farewell, sweet soile adiew,
My mother and my nurse that beares me yet,
Where eare I wander boast of this I can,
Though banisht, yet a true borne English man. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King with Bushie, &c at one dore, and the Lord Aumarle at another.

King We did obserue. Cosen Aumarle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Herford, if you call him so,
But to the next high way, and there I left him.
King And say, what store of parting teares were shed?
Aum. Faith none for me, except the Northeast winde,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awakt the sleeping rhewme, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

King What said our cousin when you parted with him?
Aum. Farewel, & for my hart disdained that my tongue
Should so prophane the word that taught me craft,
To counterfaite oppression of such griefe,
That words seemd buried in my sorrowes graue:
Marry would the word Farewel haue lengthned howers,
And added yeares to his short banishment,
He should haue had a volume of farewels:
But since it would not, he had none of me.
King. He is our Coosens Coosin, but tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Our selfe and Bushie,
Obserued his courtship to the common people,
How he did seeme to dive into their harts,
With humble and familiar courtesie,
What reuerence he did throw away on slaues,
Wooing poore craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient vnder-bearing of his fortune,
As twere to banish their affects with him,
Off goes his bonnet to an oysterwench,
A brace of draimen bid, God speed him wel,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thankes my countreymen my louing friendes,
As were our England in reuersion his,
And he our subiects next degree in hope.
Greene. Wel, he is gone, and with him go these thoughts.
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient mannage must be made my liege,
Ere further leysure yeeld them further meanes,
For their aduantage and your highnes losse.
King. We will our selfe in person to this warre,
And for our coffers with too great a court,
And liberall larges are growen some what light,
We are inforst to farm our royall Realme,
The reuenew whereof shall furnish vs,
For our affaires in hand if that come short,

Our substitutes at home shall haue blanke charters,
Whereto, when they shal know what men are rich,
They shal subscribe them for large summes of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants,
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushie with newes.

Bush. Olde Iohn of Gaunt is grieuous sicke my Lord,
Suddainely taken, and hath sent post haste,
To intreate your Maiestie to visite him.
King Where lies he?
Bush. At Ely house.
King Now put it (God) in the Physitions mind,
To help him to his graue immediatly:
The lining of his coffers shall make coates
To decke our souldiers for these Irish warres.
Come gentlemen, lets all go visite him,
Pray God we may make haste and come too late,
Amen *Exeunt.*

Enter Iohn of Gaunt sicke, with the duke of Yorke, &c.

Gaunt. Wil the King come that I may breathe my last?
In holsome counsell to his vnstaied youth.
Yorke Vex not your selfe, nor striue not with your breath,
For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare.
Gaunt. Oh but they say, the tongues of dying men,
Inforce attention like deepe harmony:
Where words are scarce they are seldome spent in vaine,
For they breathe truth that breathe their wordes in paine:
He that no more must say, is listened more
Than they whom youth and ease haue taught to glose,
More are mens ends markt than their liues before:
The setting Sunne, and Musike at the close,
As the last taste of sweetes is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance more than things long past,
Though Richard my liues counsell would not heare,
My deaths sad tale may yet vndeafe his eare.
Yorke No, it is stopt with other flattering soundes,

As praiſes of whoſe taſte the wiſe are found
Laſciuious meeters, to whoſe venome ſound
The open eare of youth doth alwayes liſten.
Report of faſhions in proude Italie,
Whoſe maners ſtill our tardy apiſh nation
Limps after in baſe imitation:
Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanitie,
So it be new, theres no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buzde into his eares?
Then all too late comes Counſell to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:
Direct not him whoſe way himſelfe wil chuſe,
Tis breath thou lackſt, and that breath wilt thou looſe:
Gaunt Me thinkes I am a prophet new inſpirde,
And thus expiring do foretell of him.
His raſh fierce blaze of ryot cannot laſt:
For violent fires ſoone burne out themſelues.
Small ſhoures laſt long, but ſodaine ſtormes are ſhort:
He tires betimes that ſpurs too faſt betimes
With eagre feeding foode doth choke the feeder,
Light vanitie inſatiate cormorant,
Conſuming meanes ſoone praies vpon it ſelfe:
This royall throne of Kings, this ſceptred Ile,
This earth of maieſtie, this ſeate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy Paradice,
This fortreſſe built by Nature for her ſelfe,
Againſt infection and the hand of warre,
This happy breede of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſiluer ſea,
Which ſerues it in the office of a wall,
Or as moate defenſiue to a houſe,
Againſt the enuie of leſſe happier lands.
This bleſſed plot, this earth, this realme, this England,
This nurſe, this teeming wombe of royall Kings,
Feard by their breed, and famous by theyr byrth,
Renowned for theyr deedes as far from home,
For chriſtian ſeruice, and true chiualry,

As is the ſepulchre in ſtubburne Iewry,
Of the worlds ranſome bleſſed Maries ſonne:
This land of ſuch deare ſoules, this deere deere land,
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now leaſde out; I dye pronouncing it,
Like to a tenement or pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant ſea,
Whoſe rockie ſhoare beates backe the enuious ſiege
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with ſhame,
With inckie blots, and rotten parchment bonds:
That England that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhamefull conqueſt of it ſelfe:
Ah would the ſcandall vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death?
Yorke The King is come, deale mildely with his youth,
For young hot colts being ragde, do rage the more.

Enter king and Queene, &c.

Queene How fares our noble vncle Lancaſter?
King What comfort man? how ſt with aged Gaunt?
Gaunt O how that name befits my compoſition!
Old Gaunt indeede, and gaunt in being olde:
Within me Griefe hath kept a tedious faſt.
And who abſtaines from meate that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping England long time haue I watcht,
Watching breedes leaneneſſe, leaneneſſe is all gaunt:
The pleaſure that ſome fathers feede vpon
Is my ſtrict faſt; I meane my childrens lookes,
And therein faſting haſt thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whoſe hollow wombe inherites naught but bones.
King Can ſicke men play ſo nicely with their names?
Gaunt No miſery makes ſport to mocke it ſelfe,
Since thou doſt ſeeke to kill my name in me,
I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.
King Should dying men flatter with thoſe that liue?
Gaunt No no, men liuing flatter thoſe that die.

King. Thou now a dying sayest thou flatterest me.
Gaunt. Oh no, thou dyest, though I the sicker be.
King. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.
Gaunt. Now he that made me knowes I see thee ill.
Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill;
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sicke,
And thou too careless pacient as thou art
Committst thy annoynted body to the cure
Of those Physitions that first wounded thee,
A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,
Whose compasse is no bigger than thy head,
And yet inraged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land:
Oh had thy grandsire with a Prophets eie,
Seene how his sonnes sonne should destroy his sonnes,
From forth thy reach he would haue laid thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert possest,
Which art possest now to depose thy selfe:
Why cousin wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease:
But for thy world enioying but this land,
Is it not more than shame to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now not, not King,
Thy state of lawe is bondslaue to the lawe,
And thou
King. A lunatike leane-witted foole,
Presuming on an agues priuiledge,
Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chasing the royall bloud
With furie from his natiue residence.
Now by my seates right royall maiestie,
Wert thou not brother to great Edwards sonne,
This tong that runnes so roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy vnreuerent shoulders.
Gaunt. Oh spare me not my brothers Edwards sonne,
For that I was his father Edwards sonne,

That bloud already like the Pellican,
Hast thou tapt out and drunkenly carowst,
My brother Gloceſter plaine well meaning soule,
Whom faire befall in heauen mongst happy soules,
May be a president and witnes good:
That thou respectst not spilling Edwards bloud:
Ioine with the present sicknes that I haue,
And thy vnkindnes be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long withered flower,
Liue in thy shame, but die not shame with thee,
These words hereafter thy tormentors be,
Convay me to my bed then to my graue,
Loue they to liue that loue and honour haue.

Exit.

King And let them die that age and sullens haue,
For both hast thou, and both become the graue.
Yorke I doe beseech your Maiesty, impute his words
To waiward sicklines and age in him,
He loues you on my life, and holdes you deere,
As Harry Duke of Hereford were he here.
King Right, you say true, as Herefords loue, so his
As theirs, so mine, and all be as it is. (iestie.
North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your Ma-
King What saies he?
North. Nay nothing, all is said:
His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument,
Words, life, and al, old Lancaster hath spent.
Yorke Be Yorke the next that must be bankrout so,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.
King The ripest fruit first fals, and so doth he,
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be;
So much for that. Now for our Irish wars,
We must supplant those rough rugheaded kernes,
Which liue like venome, where no venome else,
But onely they haue priuiledge to liue.
And for these great affaires do aske some charge,
Towards our assistance we doe seaze to vs:

The plate, coine, reuenewes, and moueables
Whereof our Vnckle Gaunt did ſtand poſſeſt.
Yorke How long ſhal I be patient? ah how long
Shall tender duty make me ſuffer wrong?
Not Gloceſters death, nor Herefords baniſhment,
Nor Gauntes rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore Bullingbrooke,
About his mariadge, nor my owne diſgrace,
Haue euer made me ſower my patient cheeke,
Or bende one wrinckle on my ſoueraignes face:
I am the laſt of noble Edwards ſonnes,
Of whom thy father Prince of Wales was firſt
In warre was neuer Lyon ragde more fierce,
In peace was neuer gentle lambe more milde,
Then was that young and princely Gentleman:
His face thou haſt, for euen ſo lookt he,
Accompliſht with a number of thy howers;
But when he frowned it was againſt the french,
And not againſt his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did ſpende, and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had wonne:
His hands were guilty of no kinred bloud,
But bloudie with the enemies of his kinne:
Oh Richard: Yorke is too far gone with griefe,
Or elſe he neuer would compare betweene.
King Why Vnckle whats the matter?
Yorke Oh my liege, pardone me if you pleaſe,
If not I pleaſd not to be pardoned, am content with all,
Seeke you to ſeaze and gripe into your hands
The roialties and rights of baniſht Hereford:
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford liue?
Was not Gaunt iuſt? and is not Harrie true?
Did not the one deſerue to haue an heire?
Is not his heire a well deſeruing ſonne?
Take Herefordes rightes away, and take from time
His charters, and his cuſtomarie rightes;
Let not to morrow then enſue to daie:
Be not thy ſelfe. For how art thou a King

But by faire ſequence and ſucceſsion?
Now afore God God forbidde I ſay true,
If you doe wrongfully ſeaze Herefords rightes,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attourneies generall to ſue
His liuery, and deny his offred homage,
You plucke a thouſand dangers on your head,
You looſe a thouſand well diſpoſed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to thoſe thoughts,
Which honour, and alleageance cannot thinke.
King Thinke what you wil, we ceaſe into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money and his landes.
Yorke Ile not be by the while, my liege farewell,
What will enſue hereof thers none can tell:
But by bad courſes may be vnderſtood
That their euents can neuer fall out good. *Exit.*
King Go Buſhie to the Earle of Wiltſhire ſtraight,
Bid him repaire to vs to Ely houſe,
To ſee this buſines: to morrow next
We will for Ireland, and tis time I trow,
And we create in abſence of our ſelfe,
Our Vnckle Yorke Lord gouernour of England;
For he is iuſt, and alwaies loued vs well:
Come on our Queene, to morrow muſt we part,
Be merry, for our time of ſtaie is ſhort.

Exeunt King and Queene: Manet North.

North. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaſter is dead.
Roſſe And liuing to, for now his ſonne is Duke.
Will. Barely in title, not in reuenewes.
North. Richly in both if iuſtice had her right.
Roſſe My heart is great, but it muſt breake with ſilence,
Eart be disburdened with a liberall tongue.
North. Nay ſpeake thy mind, & let him nere ſpeake more
That ſpeakes thy words againe to doe thee harme. (ford?
Wil. Tends that thou wouldſt ſpeake to the Duke of Her-
If it be ſo, out with it boldly man,
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

Rosse No good at all that I can doe for him,
Vnlesse you call it good to pitty him,
Bereft, and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now afore God tis shame such wrongs are borne,
In him a royall Prince and many mo,
Of noble bloud in this declining land,
The King is not himselfe, but basely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe,
Meerely in hate gainst any of vs all,
That will the King feuerely prosecute,
Gainst vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.
Rosse The commons hath he pild with grieuous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts. The nobles hath he finde,
For ancient quarrels and quite lost their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are deuisde,
As blankes, beneuolences, and I wot not what:
But what a Gods name doth become of this?
North. Wars hath not wasted it, for warrde he hath not,
But basely yeelded vpon compromise,
That which his noble auncestors atchiued with blowes,
More hath he spent in peace then they in wars.
Rosse The Earle of Wiltshire hath the realme in farme.
Will. The King growen banckrout like a broken man,
North. Reproch and dissolution hangeth ouer him.
Rosse He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banisht Duke.
North. His noble kinsman most degenerate King,
But Lords we heare this fearefull tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to auoid the storme:
We see the wind sit sore vpon our sailes,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.
Rosse We see the very wracke that we must suffer,
And vnauoided is the danger now
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.
North. Not so, euen through the hollow eies of death,
I spie life peering but I dare not say,

How neere the tidings of our comfort is.
Wil. Nay let vs share thy thoughts as thou dost ours.
Rosse Be confident to speake Northumberland
We three are but thy selfe, and speaking so
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
North. Then thus, I haue from le Port Blan
A Bay in Brittaine receiude intelligence,
That Harry duke of Herford, Rainold L. Cobham
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter
His brother, archbishop late of Canterburie,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir Iohn Ramston,
Sir Iohn Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Coines;
All these well furnished by the Duke of Brittaine
With eight tall shippes, three thousand men of warre,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northerne shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for Ireland.
If then we shall shake off our slauish yoke,
Impe out our drowping countries broken wing,
Redeeme from Broking pawne the blemisht Crowne,
Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters guilt,
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,
Away with me in post to Rauenspurgh:
But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.
Rosse To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them that feare,
Willo. Holde out my horse, and I will first be there.

Exeunt.

Enter the Queene, Bushie, Bagot.

Bush. Madam, your maiestie is too much sad,
You promist, when you parted with the King,
To lay aside life-harming heauines,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.
Queene To please the king I did, to please my selfe
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as Griefe,

Saue bidding farewell to ſo ſweete a gueſt,
As my ſweete Richard: yet agayne me thinkes
Some vnborne ſorrow ripe in Fortunes wombe,
Is comming towardes me and my inward ſoule,
With nothing trembles, at ſomething it grieues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.

Buſhie Each ſubſtance of a griefe hath twenty ſhadowes,
Which ſhewes like griefe it ſelfe, but is not ſo:
For Sorrowes eyes glazed with blinding teares,
Diuides one thing entire to many obiects,
Like perſpectiues, which rightly gazde vpon
Shew nothing but confuſion; eyde awry,
Diſtinguiſh forme: ſo your ſweet maieſtie,
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Finde ſhapes of griefe more than himſelfe to waile,
Which lookt on as it is, is naught but ſhadows
Of what it is not; then thrice (gracious Queene)
More then your Lords departure weep not, more is not ſeen
Or if it be, tis with falſe Sorrowes eye,
Which for things true, weepes things imaginarie.

Queene It may be ſo; but yet my inward ſoule
Perſwades me it is otherwiſe: how ere it be,
I cannot but be ſad: ſo heauie ſad,
As thought on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauy nothing faint and ſhrinke.

Buſh. Tis nothing but conceit my gratious Lady.

Queene Tis nothing leſſe: conceit is ſtill deriude,
From ſome forefather griefe, mine is not ſo,
For nothing hath begot my ſomething griefe,
Or ſomething hath the nothing that I grieue,
Tis in reuerſion that I do poſſeſſe,
But what it is that is not yet knowen what,
I cannot name, tis nameleſſe woe I wot.

Greene God ſaue your maieſty, and well met Gentlemen,
I hope the King is not yet ſhipt for Ireland.

Queene Why hopeſt thou ſo? tis better hope he is,
For his deſignes craue haſte, his haſte good hope:
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipt?

Greene

Greene That he our hope might haue retirde his power,
And driuen into deſpaire an enemies hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this land.
The baniſht Bullingbrooke repeales himſelfe,
And with vplifted armes is ſafe ariude at Rauenſpurgh.

Queene Now God in heauen forbid.

Greene Ah Madam! tis too true, and that is worſe:
The lord Northumberland, his ſon yong H. Percie,
The lords of Roſſe, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends are fled to him.

Buſh. Why haue you not proclaimd Northumberland
And al the reſt reuolted faction, traitours?

Greene We haue, whereupon the earle of Worceſter
Hath broken his Staffe, reſignd his Stewardſhip,
And al the houſhold ſeruants fled with him to Bullingbrook

Queene So Greene, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bullingbrooke my ſorowes diſmall heire,
Now hath my ſoule brought forth her prodigie,
And I a gaſping new deliuerd mother,
Haue woe to woe, ſorow to ſorow ioynde

Buſhie Diſpaire not Madam.

Queene Who ſhall hinder me?
I will diſpaire and be at enmitie
With couſening Hope, he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper backe of Death,
Who gently would diſſolue the bands of life,
Which falſe Hope lingers in extremitie.

Greene Here comes the Duke of Yorke.

Queene With ſignes of war about his aged necke,
Oh ful of carefull buſines are his lookes!
Vncle, for Gods ſake ſpeake comfortable wordes.

Yorke Should I do ſo I ſhould bely my thoughts,
Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing liues but croſſes, cares and griefe:
Your husband, he is gone to ſaue far off,
Whilſt others come to make him looſe at home:
Heere am I left to vnderprop his land,

Who

Who weake with age cannot support my selfe,
Now comes the sicke houre that his surfet made,
Now shall he trie his friends that flatterd him.
Seruingman My Lord, your son was gone before I came:
Yorke He was; why so go all which way it will:
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are colde,
And will (I feare) reuolt on Herefords side.
Sirra, get thee to Plashie to my sister Glocester,
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,
Hold take my ring.
Seruingman My Lord, I had forgot to tel your Lordship:
To day as I came by I called there,
But I shall grieue you to report the rest.
Yorke What is't knaue?
Seruingman An houre before I came the Dutchesse died.
Yorke God for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this wofull land at once!
I know not what to do: I would to God,
(So my vntruth had not prouokt him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.
What are there no Posts dispatcht for Ireland?
How shal we do for money for these wars?
Come sister, cousin I would say, pray pardon me:
Go fellow get thee home, prouide some cartes,
And bring away the armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you go muster men?
If I know how or which way to order these affayres
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Neuer beleeue me: both are my kinsmen,
T'one is my soueraigne, whom both my oath
And duety bids defend; t'other againe
Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrongd,
Whom conscience, and my kinred bids to right.
Wel somewhat we must do: Come cousin,
Ile dispose of you: Gentlemen, go muster vp your men,
And meete me presently at Barkly:
I should to Plashie too, but time wil not permit:

All

All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at sixe and seauen.

Exeunt Duke. Qu man. Bush. Green.

Bush. The winde sits faire for newes to go for Ireland,
But none returnes. For vs to leuie power
Proportionable to the enemy is all vnpossible.
Gree. Besides our neerenes to the King in loue,
Is neare the hate of those loue not the King.
Bag. And that is the wauering commons, for their loue
Lies in their purses, and who so empties them,
By so much fils their hearts with deadly hate.
Bush. Wherein the King stands generally condemnd.
Bag. If iudgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we euer haue beene neere the King.
Gree. Well I will for refuge straight to Brist. Castle.
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.
Bush. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull commons perfourme for vs,
Except like curs to teare vs all to pieces:
Will you go along with vs?
Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maiesty,
Farewell if hearts presages be not vaine,
We three here part that nere shall meete againe.
Bush. Thats as Yorke thriues to beat backe Bullingbrook.
Gree. Alas poore Duke the taske he vndertakes,
Is numbring sands, and drinking Oceans drie,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flie:
Farewell at once, for once, for all, and euer.
Bush. Well, we may meete againe.
Bag. I feare me neuer.

Enter Hereford, Northumberland.

Bull. How far is it my Lord to Barckly now?
North. Beleeue me noble Lord,
I am a stranger here in Glocestershire.
These high wild hils and rough vneuen waies,
Drawes out our miles and makes them wearisome,
And yet your faire discourse hath beene as sugar,
Making the hard way sweete and delectable.

But I bethinke me what a weary way
From Rauenſpurgh to Cotſhall will be found,
In Roſſe and Willoughby wanting your company,
Which I proteſt hath very much beguild,
The tedioufneſſe and proceſſe of my trauell:
But theirs is ſweetned with the hope to haue
The preſent benefit which I poſſeſſe,
And hope to ioy is little leſſe in ioye.
Then hope enioyed: by this the weary Lords
Shall make their way ſeeme ſhort as mine hath done,
By ſight of what I haue, your noble company.
Bull. Of much leſſe value is my company,
Then your good wordes. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Perſie.

North. It is my ſonne young Harry Perſy,
Sent from my brother Worceſter whenceſoeuer.
Harry, how fares your Vncle? (of you.
H.Per. I had thought my Lord to haue learned his health
North. Why is he not with the Queene?
H.Per. No my good Lord, he hath forſooke the court,
Broken his ſtaffe of office and diſperſt
The houſhold of the King.
North. What was his reaſon, he was not ſo reſolude,
When laſt we ſpake togither?
H Per. Becauſe your Lo: was proclaimed traitor,
But he my Lo: is gone to Rauenſpurgh,
To offer ſeruice to the Duke of Hereford,
And ſent me ouer by Barckly to diſcouer,
What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with directions to repaire to Rauenſpurgh.
North. Haue you forgot the Duke of Herefords boy?
H.Per. No my good Lo: for that is not forgot,
Which nere I did remember, to my knowledge
I neuer in my life did looke on him.
North. Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.
H.Per. My gratious Lo: I tender you my ſeruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder daies ſhal ripen and confirme

To more approued ſeruice and deſert.
Bull. I thanke thee gentle Perſy, and be ſure.
I count my ſelfe in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoule remembring my good friends,
And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,
It ſhalbe ſtill thy true loues recompence,
My heart this couenant makes, my hand thus ſeales it.
North. How farre is it to Barckly, and what ſtur
Keepes good old Yorke there with his men of war?
H.Per. There ſtands the Caſtle by yon tuft of trees,
Mand with 300. men as I haue heard,
And in it are the Lords of Yorke Barkly and Seymer,
None elſe of name and noble eſtimate.
North. Here come the Lords of Roſſe and Willoughby,
Bloudy with ſpurring, fiery red with haſte.
Bull. VVelcome my Lords, I wot your loue purſues,
A baniſht traitor: all my treaſury
Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more inricht,
Shalbe your loue and labours recompence.
Roſſe Your preſence makes vs rich, moſt noble Lord.
Wil: And far ſurmounts our labour to attaine it.
Bul. Euermore thanke's the exchequer of the poore,
VVhich till my infant fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bounty: but who comes here?
North. It is my Lord of Barkly as I gueſſe.
Barkly My Lord of Hereford my meſſage is to you.
Bul. My Lord my anſwere is to Lancaſter,
And I am come to ſeeke that name in England,
And I muſt find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to ought you ſay.
Bar. Miſtake me not my Lord, tis not my meaning,
To race one title of your honor out:
To you my Lo: I come, what Lo: you will,
From the moſt gratious regent of this land
The Duke of Yorke: to know what prickes you on,
To take aduantage of the abſent time,
And fright our native peace with ſelfeborne armes?

Bull. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you,
Here comes his grace in perſon, my noble Vnckle.
Yorke Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe duety is deceiueable and falſe.
Bull. My gratious Vnckle.
Yor. Tut tut, grace me no grace, nor vnckle me no vnckle,
I am no traitors Vnckle, and that word Grace
In an vngratious mouth is but prophane:
Why haue theſe baniſht and forbidden legs,
Dard once to touch a duſt of Englands ground:
But then more why? why haue they dard to march
So many miles vpon her peacefull boſome,
Frighting her pale fac't villadges with warre,
And oſtentation of deſpiſed armes?
Comſt thou becauſe the annointed king is hence?
Why fooliſh boy the King is left behinde,
And in my loiall boſome lies his power,
Were I but now Lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when braue Gaunt thy father and my ſelfe,
Reſcued the blacke prince that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranckes of many thouſand french,
O then how quickly ſhould this arme of mine,
Now priſoner to the Palſie chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy fault!
Bull. My gratious Vnckle let me know my fault,
On what condition ſtands it and wherein?
Yorke Euen in condition of the worſt degree,
In groſſe rebellion and deteſted treaſon,
Thou art a baniſht man and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In brauing armes againſt thy ſoueraigne.
Bull. As I was baniſht, I was baniſht Hereford,
But as I come, I come for Lancaſter,
And noble Vnckle I beſeech your grace,
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eie:
You are my father, for me thinkes in you
I ſee old Gaunt aliue: Oh then my father,

Will you permit that I ſhall ſtand condemnd
A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away
To vpſtart vnthrifts? wherefore was I borne?
If that my couſin King be King in England,
It muſt be granted I am duke of Lancaſter:
You haue a ſonne, Aumerle, my noble couſin,
Had you firſt died, and he bin thus trod downe,
He ſhould haue found his vncle Gaunt a father,
To rowze his wrongs and chaſe them to the baie.
I am denyed to ſue my Liuery here,
And yet my letters pattents giue me leaue:
My fathers goods are all diſtrainde and ſold,
And theſe, and all, are all amiſſe employed.
What would you haue me do? I am a ſubiect,
And I challenge law, Atturnies are denied me,
And therefore perſonally I lay my claime
To my inheritance of free deſcent.
North. The noble Duke hath bin too much abuſed.
Roſſe It ſtands your Grace vpon to do him right.
Willo. Baſe men by his endowments are made great.
Yorke My Lords of England, let me tell you this:
I haue had feeling of my couſins wrongs,
And labourd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind to come, in brauing armes
Be his owne caruer, and cut out his way,
To finde out right with wrong it may not be:
And you that do abette him in this kinde,
Cheriſh rebellion, and are rebells all.
North. The noble Duke hath ſworne his comming is,
But for his owne; and for the right of that,
We all haue ſtrongly ſworne to giue him ayde:
And let him neuer ſee ioy that breakes that oath.
Yorke Wel wel, I ſee the iſſue of theſe armes,
I cannot mend it I muſt needes confeſſe,
Becauſe my power is weake and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,

I would attach you all, and make you ſtoope
Vnto the ſoueraigne mercie of the king;
But ſince I cannot, be it knowen vnto you,
I do remaine as newter, ſo fare you well,
Vnleſſe you pleaſe to enter in the caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this night.

Bull. An offer vncle that we will accept,
But we muſt winne your Grace to go with vs,
To Briſtow caſtle, which they ſay is held
By Buſhie, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillers of the commonwealth,
Which I haue ſworne to weede and plucke away.

Yorke It may be I will go with you, but yet Ile pawſe,
For I am loath to breake our countries lawes,
Nor friends, nor foes to me welcome you are:
Things paſt redreſſe, are now with me paſt care. *Exeunt.*

Enter erle of Salisbury and a Welch captaine.

Welch. My lord of Salisbury, we haue ſtayed ten dayes,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King,
Therefore we will diſperſe our ſelues, farewell.

Saliſ. Stay yet an other day, thou truſtie Welchman,
The King repoſeth all his confidence in thee.

Welch. Tis thought the King is dead; we wil not ſtay,
The bay trees in our country are al witherd,
And Meteors fright the fixed ſtarres of heauen,
The pale-faede moone lookes bloudie on the earth,
And leane-lookt prophets whiſper fearefull change,
Rich men looke ſad, and ruffians daunce and leape,
The one in feare to looſe what they enioy,
The other to enioy by rage and warre:
Theſe ſignes forerunne the death or fall of Kings.
Farewell, our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſured Richard their King is dead.

Saliſ. Ah Richard! with the eies of heauy mind
I ſee thy glory like a ſhooting ſtarre

Fall to the baſe earth from the firmament,
Thy ſunne ſets weeping in the lowly weſt,
Witneſsing ſtormes to come, wo, and vnreſt,
Thy friends are fled to wait vpon thy foes,
And croſſly to thy good all fortune goes.

Enter Duke of Hereford, Yorke, Northumberland, Buſhie and Greene priſoners.

Bull. Bring forth theſe men.
Buſhie and Greene, I will not vex your ſoules,
Since preſently your ſoules muſt part your bodies
With too much vrging your pernitious liues,
For twere no charitie; yet to waſh your bloud
From off my hands, heere in the view of men
I will vnfold ſome cauſes of your deaths:
You haue miſled a Prince, a royall King,
A happy Gentleman in bloud and lineaments;
By you vnhappied, and diſfigured cleane,
You haue in manner with your ſinfull houres
Made a diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the poſſeſsion of a royall bed,
And ſtainde the beutie of a faire Queenes cheekes
With teares, drawen from her eies by your fowle wrongs,
My ſelfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in bloud, and neere in loue,
Till you did make him miſinterpret me,
Haue ſtoopt my necke vnder your iniuries,
And ſigh't my Engliſh breath in forren cloudes,
Eating the bitter bread of baniſhment,
Whilſt you haue fed vpon my ſeigniories,
Diſparkt my parkes, and felld my forreſt woods,
From my owne windowes torne my houſhold coate,
Raſt out my impreeſe, leauing me no ſigne,
Saue mens opinions, and my liuing bloud,
To ſhew the world I am a gentleman.
This and much more, much more then twice all this
Condemns you to the death: ſee them deliuered ouer
To execution and the hand of death.

Bush. More welcome is the ſtroke of death to me,
Than Bullingbrooke to England, Lords farewell.
Greene My comfort is, that heauen will take our ſoules,
And plague iniuſtice with the paines of hell.
Bul. My Lord Northumberland, ſee them diſpatcht:
Vncle, you ſay the Queene is at your houſe,
For Gods ſake fairely let her be intreated,
Tel her I ſend to her my kinde commends;
Take ſpecial care my greetings be deliuered.
Yorke A gentleman of mine I haue diſpatcht,
With letters of your loue to her at large.
Bul. Thankes (gentle vncle:) Come Lords, away,
To fight with Glendor and his complices,
A while to worke, and after holiday. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Aumerle, Carleil, &c.

King Barkloughly caſtle call they this at hand?
Aum. Yea my Lord, How brookes your Grace the ayre
After your late toſsing on the breaking ſeas?
King Needes muſt I like it well, I weepe for ioy,
To ſtand vpon my kingdome once againe:
Deere earth I do ſalute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horſes hoofes:
As a long parted mother with her childe
Playes fondly with her teares and ſmiles in meeting;
So weeping, ſmiling greete I thee my earth,
And do thee fauours with my royall hands;
Feede not thy Soueraignes foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy ſweetes comfort his rauenous ſence,
But let thy Spiders that ſucke vp thy venome,
And heauy-gated toades lie in thy r way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feete,
Which with vſurping ſteps do trample thee,
Yeelde ſtinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy boſome plucke a flower,
Guard it I pray thee with a lurking Adder,
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortall touch,

Throw

Throwe death vpon thy ſoueraignes enemies,
Mocke not my ſenceles coniuration Lords,
This earth ſhall haue a feeling, and theſe ſtones,
Proue armed ſouldiers ere her natiue King,
Shall faulter vnder foule rebellions armes.
Carl. Feare not my Lord, that power that made you king,
Hath power to keepe you king in ſpight of all,
The meanes that heauens yeeld muſt be imbrac't
And not neglected. Elſe heauen would,
And we will not, heauens offer, we refuſe,
The profered meanes of ſuccors and redreſſe.
Aum. He meanes my Lo: that we are too remiſſe,
Whilſt Bullingbrooke through our ſecurity,
Growes ſtrong and great in ſubſtance and in power.
King Diſcomfortable Cooſen knowſt thou not,
That when the ſearching eie of heauen is hid,
Behinde the globe that lights the lower world,
Then theeues and robbers range abroad vnſeene,
In murthers and in outrage bouldy here.
But when from vnder this terreſtriall ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eaſterne pines,
And darts his light through euery guilty hole,
Then murthers, treaſons and deteſted ſinnes,
The cloake of night being pluckt from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked trembling at themſelues?
So when this thiefe, this traitor Bullingbrooke,
Who all this while hath reueld in the night,
Whilſt we were wandring with the Antipodes,
Shall ſee vs riſing in our throne the eaſt,
His treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of day,
But ſelfe affrighted tremble at his ſinne,
Not all the water in the rough rude ſea,
Can waſh the balme off from an annointed King,
The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe,
The deputy elected by the Lord,
For euery man that Bullingbrooke hath preſt,

To lifte shrewd steele against our golden crowne,
God for his Ric: hath in heauenly pay,
A glorious Angell; then if Angels fight,
Weake men must fall, for heauen still gardes the right.

Enter Salisb.

King Welcome my Lo: how far off lies your power?
Salisb. Nor neare nor farther off my gratious Lo:
Than this weake arme; discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speake of nothing but Despaire;
One day too late I feare me noble Lo:
Hath clouded all thy happy daies on earth:
O call backe yesterday, bid Time returne,
And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men,
To day to day vnhappie daie too late,
Ouerthrowes thy ioies friends, fortune and thy state,
For all the Welshmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bullingbrooke dispersst and fled.
Aum. Comfort my liege, why lookes your grace so pale.
King But now the bloud of 20000. men,
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled:
And till so much bloud thither come againe,
Haue I not reason to looke pale and dead?
All soules that will be safe, flie from my side,
For time hath set a blot vpon my pride.
Aum. Comfort my liege remember who you are.
King I had forgot my selfe, am I not King?
Awake thou coward Maiesty thou sleepest,
Is not the Kings name twenty thousand names?
Arme arme, my name a puny subiect strikes,
At thy great glorie, looke not to the ground,
Ye fauourites of a King, are we not high?
High be our thoughts, I know my Vnckle Yorke,
Hath power enough to serue our turne: but who comes here?

Enter Scroope.

Scro. More health and happines betide my liege,
Then can my care tunde tongue deliuer him.
King Mine eare is open, and my hart prepard,

The worst is worldly losse thou canst vnfold,
Say, is my kingdome lost? why twas my care,
And what losse is it to be rid of care?
Striues Bullingbrooke to be as great as we,
Greater he shall not be, if he serue God,
Weele serue him to, and be his fellow so:
Reuolt our subiects, that we cannot mende,
They breake their faith to God as well as vs:
Crie woe, destruction, ruine, and decay,
The worst is death, and death will haue his day.
Scro. Glad am I, that your highnes is so armde,
To beare the tidings of calamity,
Like an vnseasonable stormie day,
Which makes the siluer riuers drowne their shores,
As if the world were all dissolude to teares:
So high aboue his limits swels the rage
Of Bullingbrooke couering your fearefull land,
With hard bright steele, and harts harder then steele,
White beards haue armd their thin and haireles scalpes
Against thy maiesty: boies with womens voices,
Strive to speake big and clap their femal ioints,
In stiffe vnweildy armes against thy crowne,
Thy very beadsmen learne to bend their bowes,
Of double fatall ewe against thy state,
Yea distaffe women manage rustie bils
Against thy seate, both young and old rebell,
And all goes worse then I haue power to tell.
King Too well too well thou telst a tale so ill,
Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushie? where is Greene?
That they haue let the dangerous enemy,
Measure our confines with such peacefull steps,
If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it:
I warrant they haue made peace with Bulling.
Scro. Peace haue they made with him indeed my Lord.
King Oh villaines, vipers, damnd without redemption,
Dogs easily woon to fawne on any man,

Snakes in my hart blood warmd, that sting my hart,
Three Iudasses, each one thrise worse then Iudas,
Would they make peace? terrible hel,
Make war vpon their spotted soules for this.
Scro. Sweet loue I see changing his property,
Turnes to the sow rest and most deadly hate,
Againe, vncurse their soules, their peace is made
With heads and not with hands, those whom you curse
Haue felt the worst of deathes destroying wound,
And lie full low grau'd in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is Bushie, Greene, and the Earle of Wiltshire dead.
Scro. I all of them at Bristow lost their heads.
Aum. Where is the Duke my father with his power?
King No matter where, of comfort no man speake:
Lets talke of graues, of wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eies,
Write sorrow on the bosome of the earth.
Lets choose executors and talke of wils:
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath,
Saue our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our landes, our liues, and all are Bullingbrookes,
And nothing can we call our owne, but death:
And that small modle of the barren earth,
Which serues as paste, and couer to our bones,
For Gods sake let vs sit vpon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings,
How some haue beene deposd, some slaine in warre,
Some haunted by the ghosts they haue deposed,
Some poisoned by their wiues, some sleeping kild;
All murthered, for within the hollow crowne
That roundes the morrall temples of a king,
Keepes death his court, and there the antique sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a litle scene,
To monarchise be feard, and kil with lookes,
Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,
As if this flesh which wals about our life,
Were brasse impregnable: and humord thus, Comes

Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Boares thorough his Castle wall, and farewell King;
Couer your heades, and mocke not flesh and bloud,
With solemne reuerence, throw away respect,
Tradition, forme, and ceremonious duetie,
For you haue but mistooke me all this while:
I liue with bread like you, feele want,
Taste griefe, neede friends, subiected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a King?
Carleil My lord, wisemen nere sit and waile theyr woes,
But presently preuent the wayes to waile,
To feare the foe, since feare oppresseth strength,
Giues in your weakenes strength vnto your foe,
And so your follies fight against your selfe:
Feare and be slaine, no worse can come to fight,
And fight and die, is death destroying death,
Where fearing dying, paies death seruile breath.
Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learne to make a body of a limme.
King Thou chidst me well, proud Bullingbrooke, I come,
To change blowes with thee for our day of doome:
This ague fit of feare is ouerblowne,
An easie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say Scroope, where lies our vncle with his power?
Speake sweetely man although thy lookes be sower.
Scroope Men iudge by the complexion of the skie,
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heauy eie:
My tongue hath but a heauier tale to say,
I play the torturer by small and small
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
Your vncle Yorke is ioynd with Bullingbrooke,
And all your Northerne castles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes
Vpon his partie.
King Thou hast said enough:
Beshrew thee cousin which didst leade me forth

Of that sweete way I was in to dispaire.
What say you now? what comfort haue we now?
By heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,
A King woes slaue shall kingly woe obey:
That power I haue, discharge, and let them goe
To eare the land that hath some hope to grow,
For I haue none, let no man speake againe,
To alter this, for counsell is but vaine.

Aum. My Liege, one word.

King He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tong.
Discharge my followers, let them hence away,
From Richards night, to Bullingbrookes faire day.

Enter Bull. Yorke, North.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are dispers't, and Salisburie
Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed
With some few priuate friends vpon this coast.

North. The newes is very faire and good my lord.
Richard not farre from hence hath hid his head.

Yorke It would beseeme the Lord Northumberland
To say King Richard, alacke the heauy day,
When such a sacred King should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes; onely to be briefe
Left I his title out.

Yorke The time hath bin, would you haue beene so briefe
He would haue bin so briefe to shorten you, (with him,
For taking so the head, your whole heads length.

Bull. Mistake not (vncle) further then you should.

Yorke Take not (good cousin) further then you should,
Lest you mistake the heauens are ouer our heads.

Bull. I know it vncle, and oppose not my selfe,
Against their will. But, who comes here? *Enter Percie.*
Welcome Harry; what, will not this castle yeelde?

H.Per. The Castle royally is mand my Lord.

Against

Against thy entrance.

Bull. Royally, why it containes no King.

H.Per. Yes (my good Lord,)
It doth containe a King, King Richard lies
Within the limites of yon lime and stone,
And with him are the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroope, besides a cleargie man
Of holy reuerence, who I cannot learne.

North. Oh belike it is the bishop of Carleil.

Bull. Noble Lords,
Go to the rude ribbes of that ancient Castle,
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parlee
Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer.
H.Bull. on both his knees doth kisse king Richards hand,
And sends allegeance and true faith of heart
To his most royall person: hither come
Euen at his feete to lay my armes and power:
Prouided, that my banishment repeald,
And lands restored againe be freely granted;
If not, Ile vse the aduantage of my power,
And lay the summers dust with showres of bloud,
Rainde from the wounds of slaughtered Englishmen,
The which, how farre off from the minde of Bulling,
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh greene lap of faire King Richards land:
My stooping duety tenderly shall shew:
Go signifie as much while here we march
Vpon the grassie carpet of this plaine;
Lets march without the noyse of threatning drumme,
That from this Castels tottered battlements
Our faire appointments may be well perusde.
Me thinkes King Richard and my selfe should meete
With no lesse terrour than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundring shocke
At meeting teares the cloudie cheekes of heauen.
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding water;
The rage be his, whilst on the earth I raigne.

My

My water's on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.

The trumpets sound, Richard appeareth on the walls.

Bull. See see King Richard doth himselfe appeare,
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,
From out the fierie portall of the East,
When he perceiues the enuious cloudes are bent
To dimme his glorie, and to staine the tracke
Of his bright passage to the Occident.
Yorke. Yet lookes he like a King, beholde his eye,
As bright as is the Eagles, lightens forth
Controlling maiestie; alacke alacke for woe,
That any harme should staine so faire a shew.
King. We are amazde, and thus long haue we stoode,
To watch the feareful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe thy lawful King:
And if wee be, howe dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their awefull duety to our presence?
If we be not, shew vs the hand of God
That hath dismist vs from our Stewardship;
For well we know no hand of bloud and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter,
Vnlesse he do prophane, steale, or vsurpe.
And though you thinke that all as you haue done
Haue torne their soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren and bereft of friends:
Yet know, my maister God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his cloudes on our behalfe,
Armies of pestilence, and they shall strike
Your children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That lift your vassaile hands against my head,
And threat the glorie of my precious crowne.
Tell Bullingbrooke, for yon me thinkes he standes,
That euery stride he makes vpon my land,
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding warre:

But ere the crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,
Ten thousand bloudy crownes of mothers sonnes,
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace,
To scarlet indignation and bedew
Her pastors grasse with faithfull English bloud.
North. The King of heauen forbid: our Lo: the king
Should so with ciuill and vnciuill armes,
be rusht vpon. Thy thrise noble Cosen,
Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kisse thy hand,
And by the honorable tombe he sweares,
That stands vpon your roiall grandsires bones,
And by the roialties of both your blouds,
Currents that spring from one most gratious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honor of himselfe,
Comprising all that may be sworne or said,
His comming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his lineall roialties, and to beg
Infranchisement immediate on his knees,
Which on thy roiall partie granted once,
His glittering armes he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his hart
To faithfull seruice of your Maiesty.
This sweares he, as he is princesse iust,
And as I am a gentleman I credit him.
King. Northumberland, say thus, the King returnes,
His noble Cosen is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demaunds,
Shall be accomplisht without contradiction,
With all the gratious vtterance thou hast,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
King. We do debase our selues, Cosen do we not,
To looke so poorely, and to speake so faire?
Shall we call backe Northumberland and send
Defiance to the traitor and so die?
Aum. No good my Lo: lets fight with gentle words,

Till time lend friends, and friends their helpfull swords.
King Oh God oh God that ere this tong of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon prowde man should take it off againe
With words of sooth! Oh that I were as great
As is my griefe, or lesser than my name!
Or that I could forget what I haue beene!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swellst thou (prowd heart) Ile giue thee scope to beate,
Since foes haue scope to beate both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes backe from Bullingbrooke
King What must the King do now? must he submit?
The King shall do it: must he be deposde?
The king shall be contented: must he loose
The name of King? a Gods name let it go:
Ile giue my iewels for a set of Beades:
My gorgeous pallace for a hermitage:
My gay apparel for an almesmans gowne:
My figurde goblets for a dish of wood:
My sceptre for a Palmers walking staffe:
My subiects for a paire of carued Saintes,
And my large kingdome for a little graue,
A little little graue, an obscure graue,
Or Ile be buried in the Kings hie way,
Some way of common trade, where subiects feete
May hourely trample on their soueraignes head;
For on my heart they treade now whilst I liue:
And buried once, why not vpon my head?
Aumerle thou weepst (my tender-hearted cosin)
Weele make fowle weather with despised teares;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corne,
And make a dearth in this reuolting land:
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding teares,
As thus to drop them still vpon one place,
Till they haue fretted vs a paire of graues
Within the earth, and therein laide; there lies

Two kinsmen digd their graues with weeping eies:
Would not this ill do well? well well I see,
I talke but idlely, and you laugh at me.
Most mightie Prince my Lord Northumberland,
What saies king Bullingbroke, will his maiestie
Giue Richard leaue to liue till Richard dye,
You make a leg and Bullingbroke saies I.
North. My Lord, in the base court he doth attend,
To speake with you, may it please you to come downe.
King. Downe, downe I come, like glistring Phaeton:
Wanting the manage of vnruly Iades.
In the base court, base court where Kinges grow base,
To come at traitors calls, and do them grace,
In the base court come downe: downe court, downe King,
For nightowles shreeke where mounting larkes should sing.
Bull. What saies his maiestie?
North. Sorrowe and greife of hart,
Makes him speake fondly like a frantike man,
Yet he is come.
Bull. Stand all apart,
And shew faire dutie to his Maiestie: (*he kneeles downe.*
My gratious Lord.
King. faire cosen, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my hart might feele your loue,
Then my vnpleased eie see your curtesie:
Vp cosen vp, your hart is vp I knowe,
Thus high at least, although your knee be lowe.
Bull. My gratious Lord, I come but for mine owne.
King. Your owne is yours, and I am yours and all.
Bull. So farre be mine my most redoubted Lord,
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.
King. Well you deserue: they well deserue to haue,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.
Vncle giue me your handes, nay drie your eies,
Teares shew their loue, but want their remedies.
Cosen I am to yong to be your Father,

Though you are old enough to be my heire,
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing to,
For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe:
Set on towards London, Cosen is it so?
Bul. Yea my good Lord:
King. Then I must not say no.

Enter the Queene with her attendants

Quee. What sport shall we deuise here in this garden,
To driue away the heauy thought of care?
Lady Madame weele play at Bowles.
Quee. Twil make me thinke the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
Lady Madame weele daunce.
Quee. My legs can keepe no measure in delight,
When my poore hart no measure keepes in griefe:
Therfore no dauncing girle, some other sport.
Lady Madame weele tell tales.
Quee. Of sorrow or of griefe.
Lady Of either Madame.
Quee. Of neither girle:
For if of ioy, being altogither wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow:
Or if of griefe, being altogither had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of ioy:
For what I haue I need not to repeate,
And what I want it bootes not to complaine.
Lady Madame Ile sing.
Quee. Tis well that thou hast cause,
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weepe.
Lady I could weepe, Madame would it doe you good?
Quee. And I could sing would weeping doe me good,
And neuer borrow any teare of thee.

Enter Gardeners.

But stay, here come the gardeners,
Lets step into the shadow of these trees,
My wretchednes vnto a row of pines,

They will talke of state for euery one doth so,
Against a change woe is fore-runne with woe.
Gard. Go bind thou vp yong dangling Aphricokes,
Which like vnruly children make their sire,
Stoope with oppression of their prodigall weight.
Giue some supportance to the bending twigs,
Go thou, and like an executioner
Cut off the heads of two fast growing spraies,
That looke too loftie in our common-wealth.
All must be euen in our gouernement.
You thus employed, I will goe roote away
The noysome weedes which without profit sucke
The soiles fertilitie from wholsome flowers.
Man. Why should we in the compas of a pale,
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,
Shewing as in a modle our firme estate,
When our sea-walled garden the whole land
Is full of weedes, her fairest flowers choakt vp,
Her fruit trees all vnprunde, her hedges ruinde,
Her knots disordered, and her holsome hearbs
Swarming with caterpillers.
Gard. Hold thy peace,
He that htah suffered this disordered spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the fall of leafe:
The weedes which his broad spreading leaues did shelter,
That seemde in eating him to hold him vp,
Are pluckt vp roote and all by Bullingbrooke,
I meane the Earle of Wiltshire, Bushie, Greene,
Man. What are they dead?
Gard. They are.
And Bullingbrooke hath ceasde the wastefull king,
Oh what pitie is it that he had not so trimde,
And dreste his land as we this garden at time of yeare
Do wound the barke, the skinne of our fruit trees,
Lest being ouer prowd in sap and bloud,
With too much riches it confound it selfe
Had he done so to great and growing men,

They might haue liude to beare, and he to taſte
Their fruits of duety: ſuperfluous branches
We loppe away, that bearing boughes may liue:
Had he done ſo, himſelfe had borne the crowne,
Which waſte of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.
Man. What, thinke you the King ſhall be depoſed?
Gard. Depreſt he is already, and depoſde
Tis doubt he will be. Letters came laſt night
To a deare friend of the good Duke of Yorkes,
That tell blacke tidings.
Queene Oh I am preſt to death through want of ſpeaking
Thou old Adam; likeneſſe ſet to dreſſe this garden,
How dares thy harſh rude tong ſound this vnpleaſing news?
What Eue? what ſerpent hath ſuggeſted thee
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why doſt thou ſay king Richard is depoſde?
Darſt thou thou little better thing than earth
Diuine his downefall? ſay, where, when, and how,
Canſt thou by this ill tidings ſpeake thou wretch?
Gard. Pardon me Madam, little ioy haue I
To breathe this newes, yet what I ſay is true:
King Richard he is in the mightie hold
Of Bullingbrooke: their fortunes both are weyde
In your Lo. ſcale is nothing but himſelfe,
And ſome few vanities that make him light:
But in the ballance of great Bullingbrooke,
Beſides himſelfe are all the Engliſh peeres,
And with that oddes he weighs King Richard downe;
Poſt you to London and you will find it ſo,
I ſpeake no more than euery one doth know.
Queene Nimble Miſchance that art ſo light of foote,
Doth not thy embaſſage belong to me,
And am I laſt that knowes it? Oh thou thinkeſt
To ſerue me laſt that I may longeſt keepe
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt: come Ladies go
To meete at London Londons king in wo:
What, was I borne to this that my ſad looke

Should grace the triumph of great Bullingbrooke?
Gardner for telling me theſe newes of wo,
Pray God the plants thou graftſt may neuer grow. *Exit*
Gard. Poore Queene, ſo that thy ſtate might be no worſe,
I would my Skill were ſubiect to thy curſe:
Here did ſhe fall a teare, here in this place
Ile ſet a banke of Rew ſowre hearb of grace,
Rew euen for ruth heere ſhortly ſhall be ſeene,
In the remembrance of a weeping Queene. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bullingbrooke with the Lords to parliament.

Bull. Call forth Bagot. *Enter Bagot.*
Now Bagot, freely ſpeake thy mind,
What thou doeſt know of noble Glouceſters death,
Who wrought it with the King, and who performde
The bloudy office of his timeles end.
Bagot Then ſet before my face the Lord Aumerle.
Bull. Couſin, ſtand foorth, and looke vpon that man.
Bagot My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tong
Scornes to vnſay what once it hath deliuered.
In that dead time when Glouceſters death was plotted
I heard you ſay, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the reſtful Engliſh court,
As farre as Callice to mine vncles head?
Amongſt much other talke that very time
I heard you ſay, that you had rather refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand crownes,
Then Bullingbrookes returne to England, adding withall,
How bleſt this land would be in this your couſins death.
Aum. Princes and noble Lords,
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my faire ſtarres
On equall termes to giue them chaſticement?
Either I muſt, or haue mine honour ſoild
With the attainder of his ſlaunderous lippes.
There is my gage, the manual ſeale of death,

That markes thee out for hell, I say thou lieſt,
And wil maintaine what thou haſt ſaid is falſe
In thy heart bloud, though being all too baſe
To ſtaine the temper of my knightly ſword.
Bull. Bagot, forbeare, thou ſhalt not take it vp.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence that hath moude me ſo.
Fitz. If that thy valure ſtand on ſimpathie,
There is my gage Aumerle, in gage to thine;
By that faire Sunne which ſhews me where thou ſtandſt,
I heard thee ſay, and vauntingly thou ſpakſt it,
That thou wert cauſe of noble Glouceſters death,
If thou denieſt it twenty times, thou lieſt,
And I will turne thy falſhoode to thy heart,
Where it was forged with my rapiers point.
Aum. Thou darſt not (coward) liue to ſee that day.
Fitz. Now by my ſoule, I would it were this houre.
Aum. Fitzwaters, thou art damnd to hell for this.
L. Per. Aumerle, thou lieſt, his honour is as true
In this appeale as thou art all vniuſt,
And that thou art ſo, there I throwe my gage,
To prooue it on thee to the extreameſt point
Of mortall breathing, ceaze it if thou darſt.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And neuer brandiſh more reuengefull ſteele
Ouer the glittering helmet of my foe.
Another L. I taske the earth to the like (forſworne Aumerle)
And ſpurre thee on with full as many lies
As it may be hollowed in thy treacherous eare
From ſinne to ſinne: there is my honors pawne
Ingage it to the triall if thou dareſt.
Aum. Who ſets me elſe? by heauen Ile throwe at all,
I haue a thouſand ſpirites in one breaſt.
To anſwer twenty thouſand ſuch as you.
Sur. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time (Aumerle) and you did talke.
Fitz. Tis very true you were in preſence then.

And you can witnes with me this is true.
Sur. As falſe, by heauen, as heauen it ſelfe is true.
Fitz. Surrie thou lieſt. (ſword,
Sur. Diſhonorable boy, that lie ſhall lie ſo heauie on my
That it ſhall render vengeance and reuenge,
Till thou the lie-giuer, and that lie do lie,
In earth as quiet as thy fathers ſcull.
In proofe whereof there is my honours pawne,
Ingage it to the triall if thou darſt.
Fitz. How fondly doeſt thou ſpurre a forward horſe!
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,
I dare meet Surry in a wildernes,
And ſpit vpon him whilſt I ſay, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is bond of faith,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction:
As I intende to thriue in this new world,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true appeale.
Beſides I heard the baniſhed Norffolke ſay,
That thou Aumerle didſt ſend two of thy men,
To execute the noble Duke at Callice.
Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a gage,
That Norffolke lies, heere do I throwe downe this,
If he may be repeald to trie his honour.
Bull. Theſe differences ſhall all reſt vnder gage,
Till Norffolke be repeald, repeald he ſhall be,
And though mine enimie, reſtord againe
To all his landes and ſignories: when he is returnd,
Againſt Aumerle we will inforce his triall.
Carl. That honourable day ſhall neuer be ſeene,
Manie a time hath baniſht Norffolke fought,
For Ieſu Chriſt in glorious Chriſtian feild,
Streaming the enſigne of the Chriſtian Croſſe,
Againſt blacke Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens,
And toild with workes of warre, retird him ſelfe
To Italie, and there at Venice gaue
His bodie to that pleaſant Countries earth,
And his pure ſoule vnto his Captaine Chriſt,
Vnder whoſe coulours he had fought ſo long.

Bull. Why B. is Norffolke dead?
Carl. As ſurely as I liue my Lord.
Bull. Sweet peace conduct his ſweete ſoule to the boſome,
Of good olde Abraham: Lords Appellants,
Your differences ſhall all reſt vnder gage,
Till we aſsigne you to your daies of triall. *Enter Yorke*
Yorke Great Duke of Lancaſter I come to thee,
From plume-pluckt Richard, who with willing ſoule,
Adopts the heire, and his high ſcepter yeeldes,
To the poſſeſsion of thy royall hand:
Aſcend his throne, deſcending now from him,
And long liue Henry fourth of that name.
Bull. In Gods name Ile aſcend the regall throne.
Car. Mary God forbid.
Worſt in this royall preſence may I ſpeake,
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeake the truth,
Would God that any in this noble preſence,
Were enough noble to be vpright iudge
Of noble Richard. Then true nobleſſe would
Learne him forbearance from ſo foule a wrong,
What ſubiect can giue ſentence on his King:
And who ſits here that is not Richards ſubiect?
Theeues are not iudgd but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be ſeene in them,
And ſhall the figure of Gods Maieſty,
His Captaine, ſteward, deputy, elect,
Annointed, crowned, planted, many yeares
Be iudgd by ſubiect and inferiour breath,
And he himſelfe not preſent? Oh forfend it God,
That in a Chriſtian climate ſoules refinde,
Should ſhew ſo heinous blacke obſceene a deed
I ſpeake to ſubiects and a ſubiect ſpeakes,
Stird vp by God thus boldly for his King,
My Lord of Hereford here whom you call King,
Is a foule traitour to proud Herefords King,
And if you crowne him let me propheſie,
The bloud of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groane for this foule act,

Peace ſhall go ſleepe with turkes and infidels,
And in this ſeate of peace, tumultuous warres,
Shall kin with kin, and kinde with kind confound:
Diſorder, horror, feare, and mutiny,
Shall heere inhabit, and this land be cald,
The field of Golgotha and dead mens ſculs,
Oh if you raiſe this houſe againſt this houſe,
It will the wofulleſt diuiſion proue,
That euer fell vpon this curſed earth:
Preuent it, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leſt child, childs children, crie againſt you wo.
North. Well haue you argued ſir, and for your paines,
Of Capitall treaſon, we arreſt you heere:
My Lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge,
To keepe him ſafely till his day of triall.
Bull. Let it be ſo, and loe on wedneſday next,
We ſolemnly proclaime our Coronation,
Lords be ready all. *Exeunt.*

Manent Weſt. Caleil, Aumerle.

Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we heere beheld.
Car. The woe's to come, the children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as ſharp to them as thorne.
Aum. You holy Clergy men, is there no plot,
To ridde the realme of this pernitious blot?
Abbot. My Lo. before I freely ſpeake my mind heerein,
You ſhall not onely take the Sacrament,
To burie mine intents, but alſo to effect,
What euer I ſhall happen to deuiſe:
I ſee your browes are full of diſcontent,
Your harts of ſorrow, and your eies of teares:
Come home with me to ſupper, Ile lay a plot,
Shall ſhew vs all a merrie daie. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Queene with her attendants.

Quee. This way the King will come, this is the way,
To Iulius Cæſars ill erected Tower,
To wohſe flint boſome, my condemned Lord,
Is doomde a priſoner by proud Bullingbrooke.

Heere let vs rest, if this rebellious earth,
Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene. (*Enter Ric.*
But soft, but see, or rather doe not see,
My faire Rose wither, yet looke vp, behold,
That you in pittie may dissolue to deaw,
And wash him fresh againe with true loue teares.
Ah thou the modle where olde Troy did stand!
Thou mappe of honour, thou King Richards tombe,
And not King Richards: thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard fauourd greife be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an alehouse guest?
Rich. ioyne not with greife faire woman, doe not so,
To make my end too sudden, learne good soule,
To thinke our former state a happie dreame,
From which awakt the trueth of what we are
Shewes vs but this: I am sworne brother (sweet)
To grim necessitie, and he and I,
Will keepe a league till death. Hie thee to Fraunce,
And cloister thee in some religious house,
Our holy liues must win a new worlds crowne,
VVhich our prophane houres heere haue throwne downe.
Quee. what is my Richard both in shape and minde
Transformd and weakned? hath Bullingbrooke,
Deposde thine intellect? hath he been in thy hart?
The Lyon dying thrusteth foorth his pawe,
And woundes the earth if nothing else with rage,
To be ore-powr'd, and wilt thou pupill-like
Take the correction, mildly kisse the rod,
And fawne on Rage with base humilitie,
VVhich art a Lion and the king of beasts.
King. a King of beasts indeed, if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happie King of men.
Good (sometimes Queene) prepare thee hence for France,
Thinke I am dead, and that euen here thou takest
As from my death bed thy last liuing leaue;
In winters tedious nights sit by the fire,
with good old folkes, and let them tell the tales,
Of woefull ages long agoe betidde:

And ere thou bid good night to quite their griefes,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why, the senselesse brands will sympathize
The heauy accent of thy moouing tong,
And in compassion weepe the fire out,
And some wil mourne in ashes, some cole blacke,
For the deposing of a rightfull King. *Enter Northum.*
North. My Lord, the minde of Bullingbrooke is changde,
You must to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower.
And Madam, there is order tane for you,
With al swift speede you must away to France.
King Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithall
The mounting Bullingbrooke ascends my throne,
The time shall not be many houres of age
More than it is, ere foule sinne gathering head
Shall breake into corruption, thou shalt thinke,
Though he diuide the realme and giue thee halfe,
It is too little helping him to all.
He shall thinke that thou which knowest the way
To plant vnrightfull kings, wilt know againe,
Being ne're so little vrgde another way,
To plucke him headlong from the vsurped throne.
The loue of wicked men conuerts to feare,
That feare to hate; and hate turnes one or both
To worthy daunger and deserued death.
North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end:
Take leaue and part, for you must part forthwith.
King Doubly diuorst (bad men) you violate
A two-fold marriage twixt my crowne and me.
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me vnkisse the oathe twixt thee and me:
And yet not so, for with a kisse twas made.
Part vs Northumberland, I towardes the north,
Where shiuering cold and sickenesse pines the clime:
My wife to Fraunce, from whence set forth in pomp
She came adorned hither like sweete Maie,

Sent backe like Hollowmas or shortst of day.
Queene And must we be diuided? must we part?
King I hand from hand (my loue) and heart from heart.
Queene Banish vs both, and send the King with me.
King That were some loue, but little pollicie.
Queene Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
King So two togither weeping make one woe.
Weepe thou for me in Fraunce, I for thee heere,
Better far off than neere be nere the neare,
Go count thy way with sighes, I mine with groanes.
Queene So longest way shall haue the longest moanes.
King Twise for one step Ile grone the way being short
And peece the way out with a heauy heart.
Come come in wooing sorrow lets be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is such length in griefe;
One kisse shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part,
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
Queene Giue me mine owne againe, twere no good part
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart:
So now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may striue to kill it with a groane.
King We make woe wanton with this fond delay,
Once more adue, the rest let sorrow say. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke of Yorke and the Dutchesse.

Du. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you breake the storie of
Of our two cousins comming into London.
Yorke Where did I leaue?
Du. At that sad stop my Lord,
Where rude misgouerned hands from windowes tops
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richards head.
Yorke Then (as I said) the Duke great Bullingbrooke
Mounted vpon a hote and fierie steede,
Which his aspiring rider seemd to know,
With slow, but stately pase kept on his course,
Whilst all tongues cried, God saue the Bullingbrooke,
You would haue thought the very windows spake:
So many greedy lookes of yong and old Through

Through casements darted their desiring eies
Vpon his visage, and that all the walles
With painted imagery had said at once,
Iesu preserue the welcome Bullingbrooke,
Whilst he from the one side to the other turning
Bare-headed, lower than his prowd steedes necke
Bespake them thus; I thanke you countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he passt along.
Du. Alac poore Richard, where rode he the whilst?
Yorke As in a Theater the eies of men,
After a well-graced Actor leaues the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Euen so, or with much more contempt mens eies
Did scowle on gentle Ric. no man cried, God saue him,
No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But dust was throwen vpon his sacred head:
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face still combating with teares and smiles,
The badges of his griefe and patience,
That had not God for some strong purpose steeld
The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,
And Barbarism it selfe haue pitied him:
But heauen hath a hand in these euents,
To whose high will we bound our calme contents.
To Bullingbrooke are we sworne subiects now,
Whose state and honour I for ay allow.
Du. Here comes my sonne Aumerle.
Yorke Aumerle that was,
But that is lost, for being Richards friend:
And Madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in parleament pledge for his truth
And lasting fealtie to the new made king.
Du. Welcome my sonne, who are the violets now
That strew the greene lap of the new come spring.
Au. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God knowes I had as leife be none as one.

Yorke

Yorke Well, beare you wel in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropt before you come to prime.
What newes from Oxford, do these iusts & triumphs hold?
Aum. For aught I know (my Lord) they do.
Yorke you will be there I know.
Aum. If God preuent not, I purpose so.
Yorke What seale is that that hangs without thy bosome?
yea, lookst thou pale? let me see the writing,
Aum. My Lord, tis nothing.
Yorke No matter then who see it,
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not haue seene.
Yorke Which for some reasons sir I meane to see.
I feare I feare.
Du. What should you feare?
Tis nothing but some band that he is entred into
For gay apparell gainst the triumph day.
Yorke Bound to himselfe; what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to. Wife, thou art a foole:
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.
Yorke I will be satisfied, let me see it I say:
He pluckes it out of his bosome and reades it:
Yorke Treason, foule treason, villaine, traitor, slaue,
Du. What is the matter my lord?
Yorke Ho, who is within there? saddle my horse,
God for his mercy! what treachery is here?
Du. Why what is it my Lord?
Yorke Giue me my bootes I say, saddle my horse,
Now by mine honour, by my life, by my troth
I will appeach the villaine.
Du. What is the matter?
Yorke Peace foolish woman.
Du. I wil not peace, what is the matter Aumerle?
Au. Good mother be content, it is no more

Then my poore life must answere.
Du. Thy life answere?
yor. Bring me my bootes, I will vntothe King.
His man enters with his bootes.
Du. Strike him Aumerle, poore boy thou art amazd,
Hence vilaine neuer more come in my sight.
Yor. Giue me my bootes I say.
Du. Why Yorke what wilt thou doe?
Wilt thou not hide the trespasse of thine owne?
Haue we more sons? or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine age?
And rob me of a happie mothers name.
Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?
Yor. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracie?
A doozen of them here haue tane the sacrament,
And interchaungeably set downe there hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.
Du. He shal be none, weele keepe him heere,
Then what is that to him?
Yor. Away fond woman, were he twentie times my sonne,
I would appeach him.
Du. Hadst thou groand for him as I haue done,
Thou wouldst bee more pittifull.
But nowe I knowe thy minde, thou doest suspect
That I haue been disloiall to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy sonne:
Sweete Yorke, sweete husband, be not of that mind,
He is as like thee as any man may be,
Not like to me, or a of my kinne,
And yet I loue him.
Yor. Make way vnrulie woman. *Exit.*
Du. After Aumerle: mount thee vpon his horse,
Spur, post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee,
Ile not be long behind, though I be old,

I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke,
An neuer will I rise vp from the ground,
Till Bullingbroke haue pardoned thee: away, be gone.

Enter the King with his nobles.

King H. Can no man tell me of my vnthriftie sonne?
Tis full three moneths since I did see him last,
If any plague hang ouer vs tis he:
I would to God my Lordes he might be found:
Inquire at London, mongst the Tauernes there,
For there (they say) he daylie doth frequent,
With vnrestrained loose companions,
Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow lanes,
And beate our watch, and rob our passengers.
Which he yong wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support so dissolute a crew.
H. Percie My Lord, some two dayes since I saw the prince,
And told him of those triumphes helde at Oxford.
King. And what said the gallant?
Per. His answer was, he would vnto the stewes,
And from the commonst creature plucke a gloue,
And weare it as a fauour, and with that,
He would vnhorse the lustiest Challenger.
King H. As dissolute as desperat, yet through both,
I see some sparkes of better hope, which elder yeares,
May happily bring foorth. But who comes heere?

Enter Aumerle amazed.

Aum. Where is the King? (so wildly.
King H. What meanes our cosen, that he stares and lookes
Aum. God saue your grace, I doe beseech your Maiestie,
To haue some conference with your grace alone.
King. Withdrawe your selues, and leaue vs here alone.
What is the matter with our cosen nowe?
Aum. For euer may my knees growe to the earth,
My tongue, cleaue to my roofe within my mouth,
Vnlesse a pardon ere I rise or speake.
King Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the first, how heynous ere it be,

To win thy after loue, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then giue me leaue that May turne the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.
King. Haue thy desire.

The Duke of Yorke knokes at the doore and crieth.

Yor. My leige beware, looke to thy selfe,
Thou hast a Traitor in thy presence there.
King. Vilain Ile make thee safe. (feare
Aum. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou hast no cause to
York. Open the dore, secure foole, hardie King,
Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face,
Open the dore, or I will breake it open.
King What is the matter vncle, speake, recouer breath,
Tell vs, how neare is daunger,
That wee may arme vs to encounter it?
Yor. Peruse this writting heere, and thou shalt know,
The treason that my haste forbids me shew.
Aum. remember as thou readst, thy promise past,
I do repent me, reade not my name there,
My hart is not confederate with my hand.
Yor. It was (vilaine) ere thy hand did set it downe.
I tore it from the traitors bosome (King,)
Feare, and not loue, begets his penitence:
Forget to pittie him, lest thy pittie proue,
A Serpent that will sting thee to the hart.
King. O heynous, strong, and bould conspiracy,
O loyall Father, of a treacherous Sonne,
Thou sheere immaculate and siluer Fountaine,
From whence this streame, through muddy passages,
Hath held his current, and defild himselfe.
Thy ouerflow of good, conuerts to bad:
And thy aboundant goodnes, shall excuse,
This deadly blot in thy digressing sonne.
Yor. So shall my vertue, be his vices baude,
An he shall spend mine honour, with his shame,
As thriftles sonnes, their scraping Fathers gold:
Mine honour liues when his dishonour dies,

Or my shamde life in his dishonour lies,
Thou kilst me in his life giuing him breath,
The traitor liues, the true man's put to death.
Du. What ho, my Liege, for Gods sake let me in.
King H. What shril voice suppliant makes this eger crie?
Du. A woman, and thy aunt (great king) tis I,
Speake with me, pitie me, open the doore,
A beggar begs that neuer begd before.
King Our scene is altred from a serious thing,
And now changde to the Beggar and the King:
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in,
I know she is come to pray for your foule sinne.
Yorke If thou do pardon whosoeuer pray,
More sinnes for this forgiuenes prosper may:
This festred ioynt cut off, the rest rest sound,
This let alone wil all the rest confound.
Du. Oh king, beleeue not this hard-hearted man,
Loue louing not it selfe, none other can.
Yorke Thou frantike woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor reare?
Du. Sweete Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.
King H. Rise vp good aunt.
Du. Not yet I thee beseech,
For euer wil I walke vpon my knees,
And neuer see day that the happy sees,
Till thou giue ioy, vntil thou bid me ioy,
By pardoning Rutland my transgressing boy.
Aum. Vnto my mothers prayers I bend my knee.
yorke Against them both my true ioynts bended be,
Ill maist thou thriue if thou graunt any grace.
Du. Pleades he in earnest? looke vpon his face.
His eies do drop no teares, his prayers are in iest,
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast,
He prayes but faintly, and would be denied,
We pray with heart and soule, and all beside.
His weary ioynts would gladly rise I know,
Our knees still kneele till to the ground they grow,

His prayers are full of false hypocrisie,
Ours of true zeale and deepe integritie,
Our prayers do outpray his, then let them haue
That mercy which true prayer ought to haue.
yorke Good aunt stand vp.
Du. Nay, do not say, stand vp;
Say Pardon first, and afterwards, stand vp,
And if I were thy nurse thy tong to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speach:
I neuer long'd to heare a word till now,
Say pardon King, let pitie teach thee how,
The word is short, but not so short as sweete,
No word like pardon for Kings mouthes so meete.
yorke Speake it in French, King say, Pardonne moy.
Du. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah my sower husband, my hard-hearted Lord!
That sets the word it selfe against the word:
Speake pardon as tis current in our land,
The chopping French we do not vnderstand,
Thine eie begins to speake, set thy tongue there:
Or in this piteous heart plant thou thine eare,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pitie may mooue thee pardon to rehearse.
King H. Good aunt stand vp.
Du. I do not sue to stand.
Pardon is all the sute I haue in hand.
King I pardon him as God shall pardon me.
Du. Oh happy vantage of a kneeling knee,
Yet am I sicke for feare, speake it againe,
Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon strong.
King H. I pardon him with al my heart.
Du. A god on earth thou art.
King H. But for our trusty brother in law and the Abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction strait shal dog them at the heeles.
Good vncle, help to order seuerall powers,

To Oxford, or where ere these traitors are,
They shall not liue within this world I sweare,
But I will haue them if I once know where.
Vncle farewell, and cousin adue,
Your mother well hath prayed, and prooue you true.

Du. Come my olde sonne, I pray God make thee new.

Exeunt. Manet sir Pierce Exton, &c.

Exton Didst thou not marke the K. what words he spake?
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare?
Was it not so?

Man These were his very words.

Exton Haue I no friend quoth he? he spake it twice.
And vrgde it twice togither, did he not?

Man He did.

Exton And speaking it, he wishtly lookt on me,
As who should say, I would thou wert the man,
That would diuorce this terrour from my heart,
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come lets go,
I am the kings friend, and will rid his foe.

Enter Richard alone.

Rich. I haue beene studying how I may compare
This prison where I liue, vnto the world:
And forbecause the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but my selfe,
I cannot do it: yet Ile hammer it out,
My braine Ile prooue, the female to my soule,
My soule the father, and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts:
And these same thoughts people this little world,
In humors like the people of this world:
For no thought is contented: the better sort,
As thoughts of things diuine are intermixt
With scruples, and do set the word it selfe
Against the word, as thus: Come little ones, & then againe
It is as hard to come, as for a Cammell
To threed the posterne of a small needles eie:
Thoughts tending to ambition they do plot,

Vnlikely wonders: how these vaine weake nailes
May teare a passage thorow the flinty ribs
Of this hard world my ragged prison walles:
And for they cannot die in their owne pride,
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselues,
That they are not the first of fortunes slaues,
Nor shall not be the last like seely beggars,
Who sitting in the stockes refuge their shame,
That many haue, and others must set there.
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their owne misfortunes on the backe
Of such as haue before indurde the like.
Thus play I in one person many people,
And none contented; sometimes am I King,
Then treasons make me wish my selfe a beggar,
And so I am: then crushing penurie
Perswades me I was better, when a king,
Then am I kingd againe, and by and by,
Thinke that I am vnkingd by Bullingbrooke,
And straight am nothing. But what ere I be,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleasde, till he be easde,
With being nothing. Musicke do I heare, *the musike plaies*
Ha ha keepe time, how sowre sweete Musicke is
When time is broke, and no proportion kept.
So is it in the musike of mens liues:
And here haue I the daintinesse of eare
To checke time broke in a disordered string:
But for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an eare to heare my true time broke,
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me:
For now hath time made me his numbring clocke;
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighes they iarre,
Their watches on vnto mine eyes the outward watch
Whereto my finger like a dialles poynt,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from teares.
Now sir, the sound that tells what houre it is,

Are clamorous groanes which ſtrike vpon my hart,
Which is the bell, ſo ſighs, and teares, and grones,
Shew minutes, times, and houres: but my time,
Runnes poſting on in Bullingbrokes proud ioye,
While I ſtand fooling heere his iacke of the clocke.
This muſicke maddes me, let it ſound no more,
For though it haue holp mad men to their witts,
In me it ſeemes it will make wiſe men mad:
Yet bleſſing on his hart that giues it me,
For tis a ſigne of loue: and loue to Richard,
Is a ſtrange brooch in this al-hating world.

Enter a groome of the ſtable.

Groome. Haile roiall Prince.

Rich. Thankes noble peare:
The cheapeſt of vs is ten grotes too deare.
What art thou, and how comeſt thou hither,
Where no man neuer comes, but that ſad dog,
That brings me foode to make miſſortune liue.

Groome. I was a poore groome of thy ſtable King,
When thou wert King: who trauailling towards Yorke,
With much adoe (at length) haue gotten leaue,
To looke vpon my ſometimes roiall maiſters face:
Oh how it ernd my hart when I beheld,
In London ſtreetes, that Corronation day,
When Bullingbroke rode on Roane Barbarie,
That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtride,
That horſe, that I ſo carefully haue dreſt.

Rich. Rode he on Barbarie, tell me gentle freind,
How went he vnder him?

Groom. So proudly as if he diſdaind the ground.

Ric. So proud that Bullingbroke was on his backe:
That Iade hath eate bread from my royall hand,
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him:
Would he not ſtumble, would he not fall downe
Since pride muſt haue a fal; and breake the necke,
Of that prond man, that did vſurpe his backe?
Forgiuenes horſe why do I raile on thee?

Since thou created to be awed by man,
Waſt borne to beare; I was not made a horſe,
And yet I beare a burthen like an aſſe,
Spurrde, galld, and tirde by iauncing Bullingbrooke.

Enter one to Richard with meate.

Keeper Fellow, giue place, heere is no longer ſtay.

Rich. If thou loue me, tis time thou wert away.

Groome What my tong dares not, that my heart ſhal ſay.

Exit Groome.

Keeper My Lord, wilt pleaſe you to fall to?

Rich. Taſte of it firſt as thou art wont to do.

Keeper My Lord I dare not, ſir Pierce of Exton,
Who lately came from the King commaunds the contrary.

Rich. The diuell take Henry of Lancaſter, and thee,
Patience is ſtale, and I am wearie of it.

Keeper Help, help, help.

The murderers ruſh in.

Rich. How now, what meanes Death in this rude aſſaulte?
Villaine, thy owne hand yeelds thy deaths inſtrument.
Go thou and fill another roome in hell.

Here Exton ſtrikes him downe.

Rich. That hand ſhall burne in neuer quenching fire,
That ſtaggers thus my perſon: Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the kings bloud ſtaind the kings owne land.
Mount mount my ſoule, thy ſeate is vp on high,
Whilſt my groſſe fleſh ſinckes downeward here to die.

Exton As full of valure as of royall bloud:
Both haue I ſpilld. Oh would the deede were good!
For now the diuell that told me I did well,
Saies that this deede is chronicled in hell:
This dead king to the liuing king Ile beare.
Take hence the reſt, and giue them buriall heere.

Enter Bullingbrooke with the duke of Yorke.

King Kind vncle Yorke, the lateſt newes we heare,
Is that the rebels haue conſumed with fire

Our towne of Ciceter in Glouceſterſhire,
But whether they be tane or ſlaine we heare not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome my Lord, what is the newes?

North. Firſt to thy ſacred ſtate wiſh I all happineſſe,
The next newes is, I haue to London ſent
The heades of Oxford, Salisbury, Blunt and Kent,
The maner of their taking may appeare
At large diſcourſed in this paper heere.

King We thanke thee gentle Percie for thy paines,
And to thy woorth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter Lord Fitzwaters.

Fitz. My Lord, I haue from Oxford ſent to London
The heads of Broccas, and ſir Benet Seely,
Two of the daungerous conſorted traitors,
That ſought at Oxford thy dire ouerthrow.

king Thy paines Fitz. ſhall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy merit well I wot.

Enter H. Percie.

Percie. The grand conſpirator Abbot of Weſtminſter
With clog of conſcience and ſowre melancholy
Hath yeelded vp his body to the graue.
But here is Carleil liuing, to abide
Thy kingly doome, and ſentence of his pride.

king Carleil, this is your doome;
Chooſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reuerent roome
More than thou haſt, and with it ioy thy life:
So as thou liu'ſt in peace, die free from ſtrife.
For though mine enemy thou haſt euer beene,
High ſparkes of honour in thee haue I ſeene.

Enter Exton with the coffin.

Exton Great King, within this coffin I preſent
Thy buried feare: herein all breathleſſe lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies,
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.

king Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou haſt wrought

A deed of ſlaunder with thy fatall hand,
Vpon my head and all this famous Land.

Exton. From your owne mouth my Lo. did I this deed.

King. They loue not poiſon that do poiſon needs,
Nor do I thee; though I did wiſh him dead,
I hate the murtherer, loue him murthered:
The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labor,
But neither my good word, nor Princely fauour;
With Cayne go wander through ſhades of night,
And neuer ſhew thy head by day nor light.
Lordes, I proteſt my ſoule is full of woe,
That bloud ſhould ſprincle me to make me grow:
Come mourne with me, for what I do lament,
And put on ſullein blacke incontinent,
Ile make a voiage to the holly lande,
To waſh this bloud off from my guiltie hand:
March ſadly after, grace my mournings heere,
In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

FINIS.

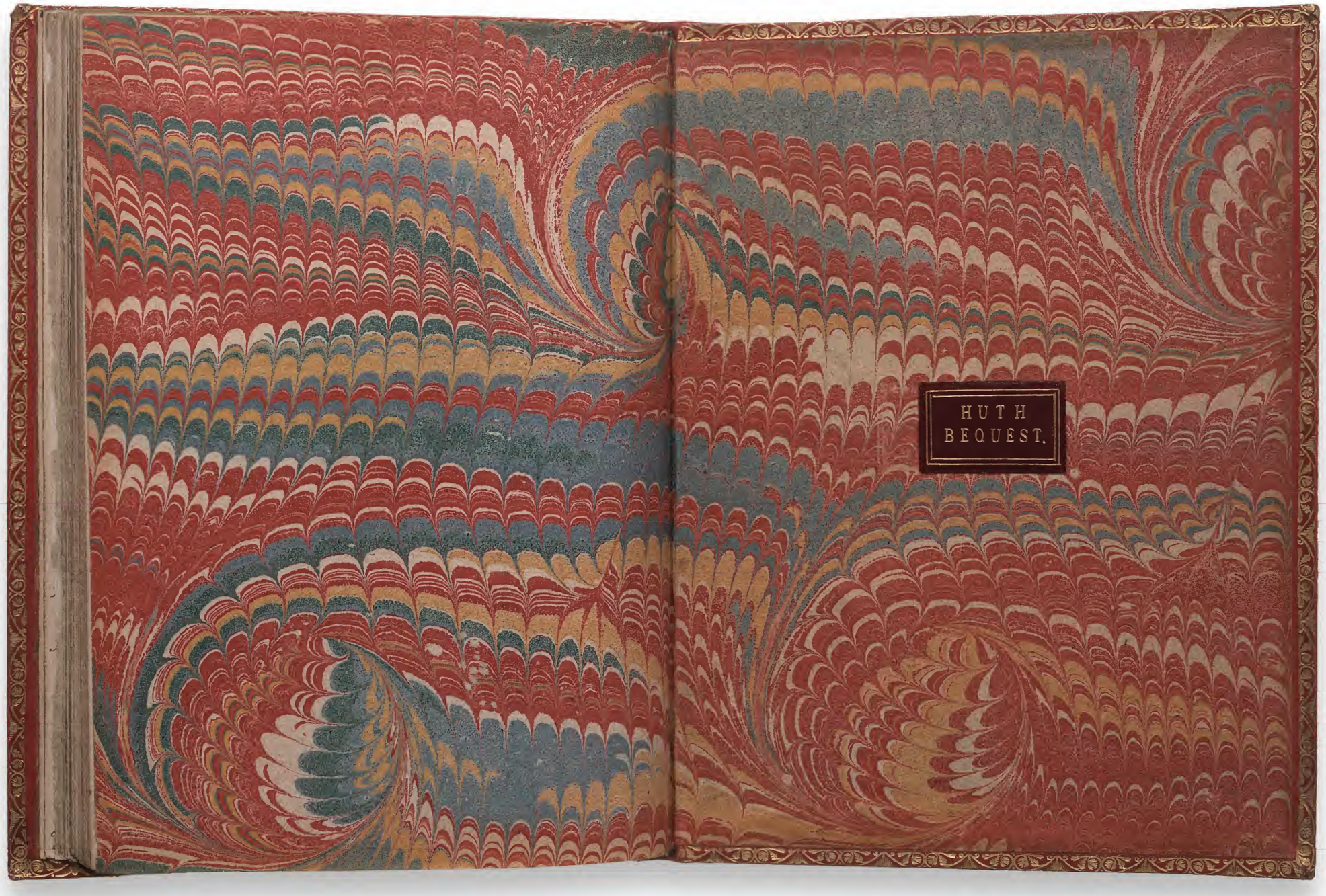
DEPARTMENT OF MANUSCRIPTS

Record of Treatment, Extraction, Repair, etc.

of ~~M.S.~~ no. Huth 46

Date	Particulars	Name
2.02.2003	Paper repair to first section	U.

MSS SR7 | 7/75 7961 351136 8m H&S(P)Ltd Gp841


HUTH
BEQUEST.